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MONTE OLIVETO.

AMID an ashen silence that forbade
 The world, dwelt lordly hermits, who had
 fought,
 Hated, and toiled too long. God's peace
 they sought
 Where yon white steep is yet with olive
 clad,
 As though of Athens' fallen queen they had
 One gift, who knew her not, but only
 taught
 Their souls the lore that lived in pious
 thought
 And pictured mystery and vigil sad.
 Knowledge withal she offered, such as
 shone
 Of yore from Hellas. But the light was
 dim,
 And pale the glory of the Parthenon.
 They only knew, with saints and seraphim,
 To wonder on the Mount and wisely
 hymn
 Of man with God and God with man made
 one.
 Academy. GEORGE C. W. WARR.

MAZARIN TO ANNE OF AUSTRIA.
 IN THE MOONLIGHT.

You are a queen ; no noble name I bear
 (Love, how the night wind stirs amid your
 hair !),
 Yet I am standing close beside you here,
 The noblest names in France come not so
 near.
 Sweet ! let me kiss away the cares that lie
 Upon your heart ; I know that only I,
 Of all the world, stand near enough to see
 How heavy a load a royal crown may be ;
 What do you murmur, that I share its
 weight ?
 Would I could bear it all for you, but fate
 Has made me what I am. Can I repine
 At lowly birth, with your hand clasp't in
 mine ?
 With my arm round you, and with lips close
 press'd
 Unto the head, now pillowed on my breast.
 Sometimes it frets me, we may never stand
 In the broad light of day, hand clasped in
 hand.
 When shines the sun I stand behind the
 throne,
 But with the moonlight you are mine alone.
 I am a mighty power ; men call me great,
 Say I might wear the triple crown, but fate

Took me to France ; a Spanish woman¹
 there
 Looked in my eyes, I saw her golden hair ;
 And since that day naught else I clearly
 see,
 Your shadow comes between the world and
 me.
 But if you stole my soul, you gave your
 own,
 A royal gift, and worthy of a throne.
 Yet are you queen as ever ; but I stand,
 Made equal by our love ; thus hand in
 hand,
 And heart to heart, no phantom throne
 between,
 My only love, my wife ; yet France's queen.
 JOHN FAIRFAX.

¹ In one of his letters to Anne of Austria, Mazarin says his greatest happiness when parted from her consists in "reading the letters of a certain Spanish woman well known to you." Mazarin was not a priest, and there is but little doubt that he was privately married to Anne ; indeed, her daughter-in-law, the second wife of the Duc d'Orleans, speaks of it as a fact.

WHITBY.

WHERE the grey Northern sea gnaws cliffs
 of shale, and the white waves
 Wrestle in hissing wrath with a brown,
 irrepressible river,
 Hilda, the saint, the princess, founded a
 fair stone cloister.
 What of her work remains — of the carven
 stone and the wood-work ?
 Haply a fragment here of a pillar with pat-
 tern enlacing ;
 Naught in the desolate walls of the roofless
 ruin that after
 Rose where her building had been, and now
 itself is abandoned,
 Crowning with unintentional beauty the
 red-roofed houses,
 Which from the river climb, and cling like
 plants to the cliff-face.
 What of her work remains ? — who knows ?
 — in the loves of the people ?
 Something, we doubt it not, from every
 noble endeavor
 Down the ages descends, though none but
 God can distinguish.
 But the grey Northern sea still gnaws the
 cliffs, and the white waves
 Wrestle in hissing wrath with the brown,
 irrepressible river.
 Spectator. F. W. BOURDILLON.

From The New Review.
SOME DECISIVE MARRIAGES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

FORTY years ago a capable writer wrote a well-known book which he called "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Some of the battles which he there enumerated have undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence on the course of history. The defeat of the Persians by the Greeks, the defeat of the Mahometans by Charles Martel, and our own defeat in our struggle with the revolted colonies in America permanently affected the face of the world. But many of the battles which are called decisive by historians have in reality decided nothing; and if Sir E. Creasy had looked a little below the surface he possibly might have been attracted by a series of events which have proved more decisive than warfare. For, though the marriages of kings usually engage only a secondary attention, it may be safely stated that the decisive marriages of the world have had more influence on its fortunes than the decisive battles.

The empire of Charles V. is, perhaps, the best example of the effect of such unions. Charles, on his paternal side, was the grandson of Maximilian of Austria and Mary, the daughter of Charles the Bold. From these grandparents he inherited Austria, Burgundy, and Flanders.¹ On the maternal side he was the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose marriage had consolidated the houses of Aragon and Castile, and indirectly led to the union of all Spain in one monarchy. Thus the power of this great monarch had been built up by a series of marriages. It was the fate of Charles V. to strike down the power of France at Pavia, but no battle that he ever fought had effects so enduring as the marriages either of his paternal or his maternal grandparents.

But we are concerned at the present moment not with the marriages which built up the power of Spain and Aus-

tria, but with the marriages which have affected the destinies of England. They will be found recorded in every history. But their significance has been insufficiently emphasized by almost every historian. Yet they either directly occasioned or indirectly influenced many of the great events in our annals. The marriage of Bertha with Ethelbert of Kent prepared the way for the conversion of England to Christianity; the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was one of the chief factors which determined the Reformation; the marriage of Emma of Normandy with Ethelred the Unready gave the Conqueror an excuse for asserting his claim to the throne of England; the marriage of Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland reconciled the people to the Conquest by restoring the line of Cerdic; the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine made England the first Continental power in western Europe, and thus produced the long struggle with France; the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York closed the War of the Roses; the marriage of Henry VII.'s daughter Margaret with James IV. led to the union between England and Scotland; the marriage of Mary, James II.'s daughter, with William of Orange gave direction to the Revolution of 1688; and finally, the marriage of Sophia with the elector of Hanover gave us kings with German interests, and consequently again involved us in Continental struggles.

I. When Bertha, the daughter of Charibert, married Ethelbert of Kent, Christianity had been driven out of England by the victories of the Saxons. Ethelbert himself was busily raising his little kingdom into a formidable power. In the course of a few years he succeeded in extending his supremacy over eastern England from the Humber to the Channel. He became thenceforward the most powerful monarch in Britain. Possibly his growing power suggested his ambitious marriage. His alliance with the Frankish kingdom must have increased his consideration both at home and on the

¹ Burgundy and Flanders had been united a century before by the marriage of Phillip, Duke of Burgundy, with the heiress of Louis, Count of Flanders.

Continent. But the chief consequences of the marriage were not political, but religious. Charibert naturally stipulated that his daughter, in her new home, should be allowed to profess her own religion; her chaplain was admitted to her husband's court; a ruined church was allotted to him for Christian worship. Thus, in the heart of the little kingdom in which the Saxons had first settled, amidst the barbarous worship of the Teutonic gods, Christianity found its representative in a queen, her chaplain, and her church. The little grain of mustard-seed was sown whose branches were to cover the whole land.

While Bertha was sharing her husband's throne in Kent, Gregory the Great was noticing in the slave market at Rome the fair-haired prisoners from Deira, whose name, whose country, and whose king suggested to him a series of historic puns. He meditated thenceforward the conversion of England; and years afterwards persuaded Augustine to undertake the mission. But Augustine did not attempt to proceed to Deira, the country from which Gregory's fair-haired slaves had been brought. On the contrary, he travelled, under the protection of the Frankish king, direct to the court in which the daughter of the Frank was living. He naturally found a ready reception from the husband of a Christian queen, and within a year of his arrival Ethelbert embraced the new faith. But it is surely no illogical deduction from this narrative that the chief factor in Ethelbert's conversion was not Augustine's preaching, but his own marriage.¹

II. If Rome first acquired her as-

¹ The conversion of northern England took the same form as the conversion of Kent. Kent embraced Christianity in the last quarter of the sixth century. In the first quarter of the seventh century Northumbria had succeeded to the supremacy. Her ruler, Edwin, was by far the most powerful monarch who had ever reigned in England; and he married Ethelburga of Kent, Ethelbert's daughter. Ethelburga carried her chaplain with her to the North, just as her mother carried her chaplain with her to Kent, and through the persuasion of his queen and her chaplain Edwin, in his turn, embraced the Christian faith.

cendency in England through the marriage of Bertha, she lost her ascendancy through the marriage of Anne Boleyn. It is no doubt, in one sense, absurd to say that England owes its reformed faith to the desire of Henry VIII. to get rid of one wife and to wed another. The Church of Rome was, on the contrary, in its decay; reformers, both in England and on the Continent, were exposing its corruptions; and the Reformation would have come in England—as it came in Germany and Scotland—if Henry VIII. had never cast his longing eyes on Anne. All that it is attempted to assert is that the cause which directly led to the Reformation in England, and which governed its direction, was the desire of Henry VIII. to possess himself of Anne, and the reluctance of Rome to release him from Catherine. Hence, if England owes to one marriage the fact that she is Christian, she owes to another marriage the fact that she is Protestant. Thus, strange as it may seem to those who have never thought upon the subject, her religious life has been moulded by the marriages of Ethelbert of Kent and Henry VIII.

III. Very different were the consequences of the marriage of Emma of Normandy. Emma was the daughter of Duke Richard II.; she was therefore the sister of Duke Richard III. and of Duke Robert, whom his contemporaries knew as Robert the Devil, but whom history recognizes as the Conqueror's father. She married Ethelred in 1002. In a political sense the marriage was a new departure. The policy of the house of Alfred had been to curb the Northmen of the Channel. Confronted with the dangers of a Norse invasion, Ethelred, on the contrary, tried to win over the Northmen of Normandy to his own side, and the policy, so far as it went, was successful. In the Danish invasions of England which occurred and recurred in the reign of the unready king, Sweyn and his followers received no aid from their kinsfolk in Normandy; and when the whole kingdom was practically subdued Ethelred sent his wife and her

sons, and finally withdrew himself, to the duchy from which, more than a dozen years before, he had chosen his bride.

By her marriage with Ethelred, Emma had introduced Norman ideas into the Saxon court. But, on the death of Ethelred, she found a second husband in the Danish sovereign, Canute. The marriage of Canute, like the marriage of Ethelred, was dictated by policy. He desired to gain the advantages which Ethelred had obtained from alliance with Normandy, and both he and Emma were willing to do much with this object. Both were willing to disinherit their children by their former consorts, and agree that the kingdom should fall to their own descendants. And this curious and unnatural arrangement was very nearly succeeding. On Canute's death, indeed, his throne was claimed by his son Harold whom he had discarded in favor of Emma's children. But, on Harold's death in 1040, the Witan chose as sovereign Emma's son, Hardicanute; and thus, if Hardicanute had only lived, the arrangement made on his mother's second marriage might have endured. Hardicanute, however, died, after a short reign of only two years, in 1042, and the choice of the people fell on his half-brother, Edward, the son of Ethelred and Emma.

Then, for the first time, the consequences of Ethelred's Norman marriage became visible. Edward had been brought up in the court of Normandy; he came to England with a Norman retinue; he conferred the highest offices, both in Church and State, on Norman courtiers and ecclesiastics, and he thus prepared the way for the Norman invasion, which was destined to become the most striking landmark in English history. Leaning towards his Norman kinsfolk, and childless himself, Edward acknowledged William as his heir. But the future Conqueror did not chiefly rely on Edward's selection of him. He claimed the throne as the representative of Emma. As Mr. Freeman says: "It was on his descent from her that William raised his strange

claim to the English crown by descent or nearness of kin." Technically, of course, such a claim—at any rate according to modern notions—was inadmissible. The real heir of the house of Alfred was Edgar Atheling, the grandson of Edmund Ironsides. But the claims of Edmund Ironsides' posterity, had been set aside for forty years. Canute, Harold, Hardicanute, and Edward had all reigned in the interval. The Atheling was a boy; he had been brought up abroad, and he was not calculated to win the confidence of the Witan or the people. Practically, therefore, the choice lay between Harold, the son of Godwin, and William. Slender, however, as William's claims were, the claims of Harold—so far as birth is concerned—were still weaker. It is very doubtful whether Harold could claim that any of the royal blood, either of England or Denmark, flowed in his veins. William, though not born in wedlock, was the nephew of the woman who had been successively queen to the Saxon Ethelred and the Dane Canute. He stood, in this way, in nearer relationship to the throne than his rival. Possibly, if he had not been Emma's nephew, his own ambition would have induced him to attempt the English conquest. But it was on his kinship with Emma, and not on his own prowess, that he himself rested his claim; and Emma's marriage deserves, therefore, to be recollected as an event which had a decisive influence on the fortunes of England.

IV. Thus the marriage of Emma paved the way for the Norman Conquest and the Norman line. The marriage of William's younger son Henry with Matilda of Scotland had the happier effect of restoring the old Saxon blood to the throne. Matilda was the daughter of Malcolm III. by his wife Margaret,¹ the sister of Edgar Atheling.

¹ It is singular how closely the name Margaret has been identified with the relations between England and Scotland. (1) Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, married Malcolm III. (2) Margaret, daughter of Henry III., married Alexander III. of Scotland. (3) Her granddaughter, Margaret, the Maid of Norway, the heiress of Scotland, was be-

Matilda, no doubt, could not be regarded as the heiress of the Saxon house of Cerdic. The true heirs were her brothers, who, one after another, ascended the Scottish throne. But though Matilda could not boast that she was the heiress of the Saxon house — though in her time, indeed, Englishmen would probably have held that no lady could be heiress to a throne — her marriage reconciled her husband's subjects to the Norman Conqueror. Edward the Confessor on his deathbed was said to have predicted that the sorrows of England should not cease till that day "when a green tree shall be cut away from the midst of its trunk, when it shall be carried away for the space of three furlongs from its root, when, without the help of any one, it shall join itself again to its trunk, and shall again put forth leaves and bear fruit in its season." The men in Henry I.'s reign who quoted, and perhaps compiled, the prophecy thought that the green tree had been cut away from its trunk when the line of Alfred was superseded on the death of the Confessor; that it was carried away for three furlongs in the three reigns of Harold and the two Williams, and that it joined itself again to its trunk when Henry was married to Matilda, and bore fruit and leaves in the Prince William and his sister Matilda.

V. Whatever importance attached to the marriage of Henry I., the marriage of his grandson, Henry II., had a much deeper significance. Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII., was the heiress of Poitou and Aquitaine. The marriage gave Henry, who had already inherited Anjou from his father, and Normandy, Brittany, and Maine from his mother, the rich provinces of Poitou and Aquitaine. It gave him the whole western littoral of France, from Flanders to the Spanish frontier. The Angevin dominion, including as it did western France, the whole of En-

gland, and eastern and southern Ireland, became the largest and most formidable empire in the world. English historians are apt to dwell on the great legislation which made Henry II.'s reign memorable. His contemporaries regarded him as a Continental sovereign rather than as an English monarch. As Mrs. Green has said: "In the thirty-five years of his reign little more than thirteen were spent in England, and over twenty-one in France. Thrice only did he remain in this kingdom as much as two years at a time."

Henry's foreign policy was not, indeed, successful. At the commencement of his reign he failed in an attack on Toulouse, which he claimed by virtue of his wife. At the close of his reign his Continental possessions were disturbed and broken up by the rebellion of his sons; and, though the great empire which he inherited was again consolidated during the reign of Richard, it was again lost during the reign of John. At the time at which Magna Charta was signed, Normandy, Maine, Brittany, and Aquitaine had all been conquered by France, and England had literally nothing on the Continent north of the Garonne. In one sense the significance of Henry's marriage with Eleanor may be thought to have terminated with these losses. But, so far from this being the case, the recollection of what once had been theirs gave the Plantagenets a regret; the little that was still left to them provided them with an opportunity. The struggle between the Third Edward and Philip of Valois largely turned on the ownership of Guienne; and the one hundred years' war with France, which fills so large a space in every history of England, might never have occurred at all if it had not been for Henry II.'s marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Large as were the political consequences of this remarkable marriage, the social consequences were even larger. So long as Bordeaux remained in the possession of an English king, a trade naturally sprang up between En-

trothed to Edward I.'s son; and (4) finally, Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., married James IV. of Scotland, and became the ancestress of the house of Stuart. The first of the Margarets, however, seems to have been christened *Ædgyth*. — Freeman's "*Norman Conquest*," v. 160.

gland and the great wine-producing provinces of southern France. Large quantities of wine were imported into England. But the loss of Aquitaine, at the close of the fourteenth century, altered these conditions, and England began importing the stronger wines of Portugal and Spain. Thus, while the connection with France increased the taste for wine, the loss of this connection forced the consumer to have recourse to stronger and therefore more intoxicating beverages. Other circumstances stimulated the taste which thus arose; but the first cause of the drinking propensities of Englishmen, which were destined to be so unfortunately developed in the succeeding centuries, may be found in the marriage of Eleanor of Aquitaine, which was thus responsible not merely for the hundred years' war, but for the intemperance which proved more injurious than even war to the English race.

VI. The two next marriages on the list were attended with far happier consequences. The Wars of the Roses might perhaps have never occurred if the Sixth Henry had inherited the ability of his father and the administrative capacity of his grandfather. But the Wars of the Roses would never have taken the form they did if the title of the house of Lancaster to the throne had been clear. According to strict modern notions of heredity Edward IV., through his grandmother, Ann Mortimer, stood nearer to the throne than the house of Lancaster. Yet, if strict hereditary right was on the side of Edward, the acts of the legislature and the lapse of three reigns gave Henry VI. a still stronger title to the throne. It was not easy, in these circumstances, for any prominent Englishman to decide whether Henry or Edward had the better title; and it was therefore of the first importance to devise some means of combining the interests of the two families. As Edward IV.'s sons were dead, there was no doubt that their eldest sister, Elizabeth, was the heiress of the house of York. Henry VII. was probably the best available representative of the

house of Lancaster.¹ But it naturally occurred to Henry's supporters to strengthen his very doubtful claims to the throne by his marriage with Elizabeth; and, though Henry showed considerable disinclination to the marriage, he was happily compelled to yield; and the rival Roses were thus effectually blended in this fortunate union.

VII. One of the children sprung from this alliance was destined to make a still more decisive marriage. If the Wars of the Roses were practically terminated by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, the marriage of their daughter Margaret with James IV. led directly to the union between Scotland and England. This result was, indeed, hardly foreseen by the statesmen who projected the marriage, and more than a century passed before, on the death of Elizabeth, Margaret's great-grandson, James VI. of Scotland, became obviously the direct representative of the Tudors, the direct heir of the Saxon Cerdic.

The family which thus attained this great position proved as unworthy of rule as the later Bourbons. The first of our Stuart kings was one of the worst men, the last of them one of the worst sovereigns, that ever sat on the throne of England. But the liberties of England were chiefly won in the reigns of worthless monarchs. And the advantages which were derived from the union of the whole of Great Britain into one kingdom compensated for the disadvantages which she endured under the house of Stuart.

VIII. The misconduct of the last of these monarchs was too flagrant for Englishmen to tolerate, and the Revolution of 1688 occurred. But the Revolution would never have taken the form which it assumed if it had not been for another marriage. Mary, James's eldest daughter, and in default of his son by his second marriage his

¹ The direct heir of John of Gaunt was the king of Castile, who was descended from John of Gaunt and his second wife, Constance. Henry VII. was, of course, only descended from his third wife, Catherine Swinford, whose elder children, though legitimized by act of Parliament, were born out of wedlock.

direct heir, was the wife of William of Orange, and the crown was offered to William and Mary, with a reversion to Mary's sister Anne. Parliament thus vindicated the right, which the nation had frequently asserted in earlier days, of selecting for itself its own monarch. Unhappily neither Mary nor her sister left any posterity, and Parliament, in 1701, again interfered to settle the crown on the heirs of the Electress Sophia, being Protestants; a step which naturally brings us to the last marriage on our list.

IX. Sophia, on whom the crown was thus settled, was the daughter of Elizabeth, the sister of Charles I. and the wife of the king of Bohemia. In strict hereditary right she was, therefore, further from the crown than the descendants of the First Charles, some of whom still survive. The presence of our royal family on the throne, therefore, is a proof that direct descent, without the will of the nation, cannot confer an absolute title on any prince. The immediate effect of the marriage, however, was to give the kings of England a direct interest in the affairs of Germany; and we owe to this circumstance some, at least, of the wars of the eighteenth century. Happily, the existence of the Salic law terminated the anomaly in 1837. Hanover passed away to the direct male representative of George III., and England—so far as Europe is concerned—was practically thenceforward a synonym for the British Isles.

Here, briefly stated, are the circumstances of nine marriages which have had a large influence on the fortunes of this country. English history would not have been what it is—nay, England herself would not have been what she is—if it had not been for these marriages. And the reader who reflects on their consequences will probably agree with the conclusion which it is the object of this article to establish: that, however much they have been neglected by historians, the decisive marriages of England have had more effect on its development than the decisive battles.

S. WALPOLE.

From Longman's Magazine.

A THREE-BOTTLE COMEDY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY one afternoon in midwinter a very pretty and accurately attired little lady, followed by a porter who carried her fur-lined rug, her travelling-bag, and other paraphernalia, excited the respectful admiration of the guard in charge of the express train which was about to leave St. Pancras. He touched his cap as she advanced along the platform and said:—

"Beg pardon, ma'am—Mrs. Alston?"

Upon receiving an intimation from the little lady that that was her name, he proceeded to unlock the door of one of the compartments, remarking: "Reserved, by Mr. Longworth's request, for you and the rest of the party, if you please, ma'am. Shall I get you a foot-warmer?"

"Yes, of course," Mrs. Alston replied rather impatiently, "and will you be so good as to look out for my maid? She will be here presently; she is bringing me something that I forgot. Mind you tell her where I am as soon as she comes."

Mrs. Alston was not much given to frowning—which, indeed, is a dangerous habit for those who are no longer quite in their first youth to contract—but her usually smooth forehead was now puckered up into anxious lines, and it was evident that she had forgotten something of importance. After she had taken her seat and had tucked herself up in her rug, she craned her neck out of window, alternately scrutinizing the clock and the throng of hurrying passengers, amongst whom the missing maid was nowhere to be seen. But she had to stop frowning and assume an air of pleased surprise when an acquaintance of hers stepped briskly up to the carriage door and took off his hat to her.

"You of all people!" she exclaimed. "Are you, by any lucky chance, going down to Newton Longworth? If you are, we shall be fellow-travellers."

"Of course I am," Sir Thomas Clutterbuck replied. "Didn't you know?"

Mrs. Longworth said in her letter that she had told you ; and, to confess the truth, I shouldn't have cared about sending a couple of horses all that distance unless she had had some rather stronger inducement to offer me than the prospect of a county ball and three or four days' hunting."

This spruce gentleman, whose hair and moustache were quite grey, seemed indeed to have reached a time of life at which balls usually cease to be fascinating, while the risks attendant upon despatching horses by rail in chilly weather have been learnt by experience. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Clutterbuck had retained the health and vigor besides a few other of the attributes of youth. Being a childless widower and very well off, he was naturally an interesting personage to a childless widow who was by no means as rich as she would have liked to be, and Mrs. Alston had good reasons for believing that she herself was an object of some interest to the hard-riding baronet. She, on her side, had latterly developed an extreme ardor for the chase ; still, since she was an indifferent horsewoman and had lost her nerve, it may safely be assumed that she would not now have been journeying down to Leicestershire had she been as ignorant as she affected to be of the composition of the house-party which had been invited to meet her.

Nothing, however, can be more certain than that she had been left uninformed with regard to two of its members, for her countenance clouded over when she caught sight of them approaching across the platform, and it was in accents of undisguised annoyance that she ejaculated :—

"Oh, bother ! here comes Lord Arthur Fulton, with that horrid Naylor woman, and the guard is bringing them to our carriage. How like Adela Longworth to have asked them to travel down with us !—How do you do, dear Mrs. Naylor ? Are we bound for the same destination ? Yes ? So glad !"

The tall, dark, beetle-browed, and rather handsome woman whom she addressed responded gruffly : "Oh, is

that you ? How are you ? Lord Arthur, I wish you wouldn't mind going back and catching hold of my maid for me. Tell her I want that bottle of physic that she was to call for ; she'll understand."

Lord Arthur Fulton, a stalwart young man, with a commission in the 4th Life Guards, and a foolish, good-humored face, was only too willing to execute any orders which would remove him from the immediate neighborhood of Mrs. Alston, whose recognition of his salute had been a curt, microscopic nod. The fact was that, only a few months previously, he had been Mrs. Alston's devoted slave, but had been unceremoniously dismissed by her on the advent of a more eligible, albeit more elderly, suitor ; whereupon he had taken up in his wrath with Mrs. Naylor, who at any rate did not labor under the disadvantage of being a widow. There was a Mr. Naylor somewhere or other, but he was a person of retiring habits, whereas his loud-voiced, sporting spouse was very decidedly the reverse. Hence the virtuous Mrs. Alston disapproved of Lord Arthur, and there had been certain passages of arms between them, and it was rather a nuisance to be condemned to spend a couple of hours in a railway carriage with her.

But if this young man had the corner of his perfidious eye upon a smoking-compartment, the half-formed design had to be abandoned, for, being rather slow in his movements, he was forestalled by the alert little baronet before he could depart on his mission.

"I'll collar your maid for you, Mrs. Naylor," Sir Thomas said obligingly ; "I must be off after my man, who also was to meet me here with a bottle of physic which is simply indispensable."

And off he went at a run, failing to catch, in his haste, a faint entreaty from Mrs. Alston.

"Good heavens !" exclaimed that forlorn lady inwardly, "are we *all* a bottle to the bad ? If only the other two stand as much in need of theirs as I do of mine, we are indeed a happy trio !"

She stood in terrible need of hers, poor woman ; nor can words convey any idea of her relief when at the last moment, after she had almost abandoned hope and the train was about to start, Sir Thomas was thrust into the carriage by the impatient guard.

"It's all right," the breathless emissary announced ; "I've got my stuff, thank goodness ! and I've seen your maids, and here's a bottle apiece for you two ladies."

Each of them promptly clutched her property, and each proceeded to stow the same away in her travelling-bag with great celerity. To judge by the relaxation of their respective features, both of them felt that all was well that ended well, and both were more disposed to be amiable to their neighbors than they had been a few minutes earlier.

This, to be sure, does not mean that they were at all more disposed to be friendly to one another ; but then they were only neighbors in a large and metaphorical sense of the term. Strictly speaking, young Fulton was Mrs. Naylor's neighbor, while Sir Thomas Cluttbuck had, as a matter of course, seated himself opposite to Mrs. Alston, and between the two couples arose a barricade of rugs, wraps, and umbrellas. Sir Thomas, for his part, would have been just as well pleased if the intervening barrier had been a higher and denser one. He had conceived an immense admiration for his charming *vis-à-vis*, and, had he been spared the presence of third persons, there is no telling what he might not have been imprudent enough to say to her between London and the Midlands. As it was, he had to content himself with subdued whisperings and ardent glances.

What provoked him a little was that, although he was so close to the object of his elderly affections, she had taken such precautions against catching cold as to be almost invisible. Her sparkling blue eyes, her lovely complexion (untouched, he was prepared to swear, by any of the appliances which are too frequently made use of by women who

would look far better without their aid), the really wonderful golden-brown hair, which was perhaps her crowning charm — all these were enveloped in a voluminous white gauze veil, and when he made some complaining remark upon the subject she said : —

"Oh, I know they are hideous things, and nobody wears them nowadays, but I really can't help it. As sure as ever I venture upon a railway journey without wrapping my head up, I get such a cold that I have to go to bed for a week."

Sir Thomas gallantly declared that he would submit to any temporary deprivation rather than be the means of bringing about such a catastrophe as that ; but after a time he felt impelled to put forward a further mild remonstrance. Mrs. Alston was certainly not herself that afternoon ; her customary vivacity seemed to have deserted her ; more than once he suspected that she was not even listening to him ; so at length he bent forward and said : —

"What is the matter ? I am sure something is troubling you."

"Troubling me ?" she repeated ; "oh dear no ; nothing in the world ! Except, of course —" Here she jerked up one of her shoulders slightly and threw a significant glance over it in the direction of Lord Arthur, whose attentions to Mrs. Naylor were of a somewhat needlessly demonstrative order. "I hate that sort of thing ; it's so silly and vulgar !" she said.

If she had told the truth (but that was quite out of the question) she would have had to own that she was much more seriously uncomfortable than the spectacle of any flirtation, legitimate or otherwise, could have rendered her. For while Sir Thomas was gently insinuating that his life of late had been a complete blank without her, she had been furtively feeling in her bag, and had arrived at the truly appalling conviction that she had got hold of the wrong bottle. There could be no doubt about it ; shape and size were alike unfamiliar, and it was as certain as anything could be that her hair-dye — that inimitable, unapproachable prep-

aration of which she had already been bereft longer than was safe, and without having recourse to which she dared not exhibit herself in a strong light—was even now in the possession of an unscrupulous foe. She might, no doubt, boldly tell Mrs. Naylor that she believed there had been a mistake and effect the requisite exchange; but this would be a dreadfully hazardous measure.

"She would smell a rat at once, and tear off the paper before I could stop her," the unhappy lady reflected. "No; I must get hold of that bag of hers somehow or other, if I have to kick her legs from under her, as she is leaving the carriage, to do it."

The Fates were not cruel enough to drive Mrs. Alston to the employment of such desperate methods. When the train stopped at Northampton, Sir Thomas jumped out, and, to her great joy, he was at once followed by Mrs. Naylor, who remarked that she wanted to speak to her maid. An opportunity like that was not to be thrown away out of pique or mere reluctance to address a young man who merited snubbing. Mrs. Alston immediately bent over towards the remaining occupant of the compartment, thrust the bottle which was not hers into his hand, and said:—

"Lord Arthur, put this into Mrs. Naylor's bag, and fish out the one which Sir Thomas was stupid enough to give her; it belongs to me."

Now, Lord Arthur had a grudge against Mrs. Alston, and her agitation was evident. "Oh, well, I don't know about opening other people's travelling-bags," said he, with provoking deliberation. "Hadm't we better wait until she comes back?"

"Certainly not! It's—it's medicine, and she is quite sufficiently ill-bred to examine it before she hands it over. One doesn't want everybody to know what medicine one takes. Please make haste!"

"H'm! I'm not sure that I am justified in doing this," the young man observed slowly; "still, to oblige you, I might perhaps stretch a point. Only I shall expect my services to be recog-

nized. What should you say they were worth, Mrs. Alston? A couple of dances at the ball, for instance?"

"Oh, ten dances—twenty dances, if you like! Good gracious, here she comes! Do be quick!"

Alas! it was not in the nature of that leisurely Lifeguardsman to do things quickly. He did, indeed, just contrive to slip the bottle that Mrs. Alston had given him into Mrs. Naylor's bag, and to withdraw the other; but there was not time—or else he pretended that there was not—to restore the latter to its owner. He popped it behind his back, as Mrs. Naylor stepped in, and immediately afterwards the train resumed its northward course. At the expiration of five minutes or so, Mrs. Alston saw him drop a newspaper over her property, and transfer both articles to his own bag. While carrying out this manœuvre, he gave her a slight, reassuring nod, by which she was but partially reassured.

"If only I had had the sense to keep upon good terms with him!" she reflected with tardy remorse. "It could have been done so easily too!"

Well, at all events, he was not a woman; so that the hair-dye was surely safer in his possession than it would have been in that of Mrs. Naylor. If he did not find an opportunity of delivering it up honorably when the travellers quitted the train—and unfortunately he did not—he would doubtless manage to do so as they descended from the omnibus which had been sent to meet them at the station.

But the luckless lady was doomed to a prolongation of suspense, for when she reached her destination those officious, over-hospitable Longworths must needs come tearing down the steps to welcome their guests. There they all were—tall, ruddy Mr. Longworth, with two huge hands outstretched, his comely, middle-aged spouse, who was far too fond of alluding to the circumstance that she had been at school with Mrs. Alston, and their yellow-haired slip of a daughter Annie, and goodness only knows how many grinning chil-

dren and hobbledehoyes in the back-ground!

"You're just in time," Mrs. Longworth announced cheerfully. "We are having tea in the hall; so that you can refresh yourselves while your things are being unpacked."

The servants, of course, had seized the handbags, and had made off with them; the only thing to be done was to practise the patience recommended by Panurge, and be thankful that tea may be partaken of without the removal of a gauze veil. Mrs. Alston pushed hers up, so as to conceal her fringe, took possession of an armchair close to the blazing wood fire, by which the great entrance hall was barely warmed, and kept an anxious eye upon Lord Arthur, who did not appear to think that any apology or explanation was due to her in respect of his remissness.

Some measure of consolation was, in the mean time, to be derived from watching the assiduity with which he placed himself at the orders of Annie Longworth, who was pouring out the tea. Annie was a mere child, and in the character of a rival would have been beneath contempt; but Mrs. Alston had ceased to be a competitor for Lord Arthur's affections, and it was amusing to note the displeasure of Mrs. Naylor, a jealous and exacting woman, whose flirtations were always conducted upon the crudest and most inartistic principles. It was, however, a matter of comparatively trifling consequence whether that lady was pleased or displeased. Mrs. Alston had much more important things to think about, and when Lord Arthur approached her, with a cup of tea in one hand and a plate of small cakes in the other, she took occasion to whisper to him, under cover of the loud conversation which was going on all around her:—

"What have you done with my bottle? I want it at once, please."

"Your bottle?" he returned composedly. "By George! I forgot all about it. It's in my bag, unless my fellow has taken it out by this time. Shall I go and get it?"

"Yes; fetch it immediately. Or, rather, no; don't bring it here; it isn't a cordial to be handed round for everybody to taste. I'll tell you what you must do, if you really want me to give you those two dances that you spoke of—only I thought you had quite given up caring to dance with me. You must slip up-stairs as soon as you can and join me presently in the library, bringing the bottle with you. You know the geography of the house, I suppose?"

Lord Arthur signified that he did, and in a few minutes she had the satisfaction of seeing him make his way up the broad, shallow staircase. She herself contrived to edge adroitly away from her hostess, and was soon in the library, a vast, dimly lighted chamber which, as she knew, was seldom invaded by any member of the household.

She was kept waiting a long time—so long that she had worked herself up into a fever of alarm and apprehension before at last the door was opened and the other party to the assignation advanced towards her with leisurely steps.

"Where's the bottle?" was her first question; for indeed that was the first thing to be ascertained, and the rebuke which he had earned could wait.

Instead of producing her property or replying to her query, that exasperating young man raised his forefinger and shook it at her with arch reprobation. "Oh, Mrs. Alston," said he, "this is too bad of you! You shouldn't go in for that sort of thing—you shouldn't really, you know!"

"You wretch!" cried the justly incensed lady; "how dared you examine what doesn't belong to you? No gentleman would have behaved in that way, and the very least you can do now is to keep what you have found out to yourself."

"Oh, I'll keep it to myself," answered Lord Arthur coolly; "in fact, I may say that I *have* kept it to myself, and of course I shan't split. As for examining the bottle, that I couldn't help, because my man had taken it out of the paper, and there it was upon my

dressing-table, as plain as a pikestaff. But I didn't think it would be right to hand the stuff over to you. You may take my word for it, Mrs. Alston, that all those expedients are a snare and a delusion."

Mrs. Alston was too infuriated to argue with him. "Go and get that bottle instantly!" said she. "When I want to be favored with your advice, I will not fail to let you know."

He remained calm and immovable. He made some remarks, which seemed to her irrelevant, about "Dutch courage" and the folly of imagining that anything save a clear head can enable man or woman to ride straight to hounds; but she was not concerned to dispute with him. When commands and entreaties alike failed, she had recourse to tears.

"Dear Lord Arthur," she sobbed, "I know I haven't treated you very well, but you can't wish to punish me so cruelly as this. Only give me my bottle, and I will do anything—anything for you that you like to ask of me!"

Lord Arthur shook his head solemnly. "I foresaw this," he remarked, "and being a very soft-hearted fellow, I was afraid I should yield. So I determined to put temptation out of your way and my own. I can give you your bottle, Mrs. Alston, but I can't give you the liquor, because I've drunk every drop of it."

"Good Lord!" gasped Mrs. Alston, sinking back into a chair, "you never did that!"

"I did, though; and I'm bound to say that it was excellent—a little sweet, perhaps."

"But it's deadly poison!—at least I should think it was. What in the world did you imagine that you were drinking?"

"It—it tasted like curaçoa," the young man answered, looking a little staggered. "I supposed that you had taken to nipping on the sly to keep your courage up."

"Mercy upon us!"—tasted like curaçoa!" shrieked Mrs. Alston, starting to her feet. "Why, you raving

lunatic, do you know that you have swallowed a whole bottle of Wyllie's Matchless Hair Renewer! Send for a doctor—send for a stomach-pump—take mustard and hot water, and then get somebody to hang you up by your heels! I don't want to be a constructive murderess, or an accessory before the fact, or whatever they call it. Be off this instant; you have no time to lose!"

Lord Arthur waited for no second bidding, but took to his heels, while Mrs. Alston dropped into her chair once more, and covered her face with her hands.

"Was there ever such luck as mine?" she groaned. "Never before, since the world began, can any woman have met with a man capable of pouring her hair-dye down his throat! I suppose, if he recovers, he won't dare to tell; but what is the use of that? It's simply impossible for me to face Sir Thomas with my hair all grey at the roots and rusty half an inch higher up. Oh, I must be ill and take to my bed, and telegraph for another bottle at once; there's absolutely no alternative!"

Meanwhile Lord Arthur had rushed off to the stables to consult the stud-groom, in whose veterinary skill he had the utmost confidence, and who, he hoped, might be able to provide him with some rough-and-ready remedy, in the absence of a duly qualified medical man.

"Jenkinson," he gasped, "have you got such a thing as a powerful emetic that you could give me? I believe I've taken poison by mistake."

The portly little spindle-shanked man whistled. "Come along with me, my lord," he answered promptly. "I'll give you a dose that I keep for the lads when I want to give 'em a lesson they won't forget. That'll do the trick for you, you may depend. It's that searching that in about five minutes from now your lordship 'll be able to feel the joints in your backbone by on'y merely pressing your 'and upon your watch-chain."

Lord Arthur was conducted into

the saddle-room, whence he presently emerged, walking unsteadily and rolling his eyes, while Mr. Jenkinson returned to the stable-yard with a bland smile upon his rubicund countenance. At the same moment Sir Thomas Clutterbuck hurried towards him from the direction of the house, and said:—

"How are you, Jenkinson?—how are you? That fool of a groom of mine has made some idiotic mistake and brought me a bottle of filthy scent, or something of that kind, instead of the red lotion that I wanted for the mare's back. Unless I can get hold of some, I'm bound to gall her to-morrow. I dare say you know, Jenkinson, that there are horses whom the very best of riders can't help galling, in the absence of special precautions."

"Certainly, Sir Thomas," answered the stud-groom; "we can let you have as much red lotion as you like."

"Ah, but is it the right kind? I wish you would just allow me to look at it."

A bottle was produced for Sir Thomas's inspection. He examined it, shook his head, and grumbled under his breath, but said he supposed it would have to do. "How such a stupid blunder can have been made is more than I can understand," he remarked. "My man swears he gave me the lotion all right; but I travelled down with a couple of ladies, and it so happened that I had to deliver a bottle to each of them from their respective maids. I wonder if I could possibly have misdealt!"

Jenkinson slapped his leg, and burst into a roar of laughter. "That's what you've done, Sir Thomas, you may be sure," he chuckled. "Lord Harthur Fulton came out here, not ten minutes ago, in a pretty stew. Said he believed he'd swallowed pison by haccident, and arst me to give him an emetic—which I done. Now, I'd lay odds one o' them ladies has been offering him a pull at your red lotion, sir, thinking it was her own private supply o' cherry brandy. Dear, dear! what a most extrordinary start!"

Sir Thomas was too angry to see the

joke. "Man alive!" he exclaimed, "it isn't possible to swallow red lotion! Why, half a mouthful of it would set him on fire! Where is he?—what have you done with him?"

Lord Arthur staggered into the yard to answer the question in person. He seated himself upon an inverted bucket, dropped his head on his hands and moaned out feebly: "Jenkinson, you have more than half killed me!"

"And serve you jolly well right, too!" cried the irate baronet. "Teach you to go taking surreptitious nips out of ladies' flasks at odd hours! Be thankful that you're not quite killed. Meanwhile, I'll trouble you for the remainder of my red lotion!"

"Your what?" asked the other, lifting a pallid face. "It wasn't red lotion, it was hair—at least I don't know what it was. Anyhow, I drained it to the dregs."

"The devil you did!" ejaculated Sir Thomas, aghast. "This only shows what the young men of the present day have brought themselves to by their perpetual swilling. Drained a bottle of red lotion to the dregs, and never imagined that there was anything amiss until it was all down! Why, what an inside you must have!"

"I have no inside," Lord Arthur replied, in a lamentable voice; "Jenkinson has deprived me of every vestige of it. I'm not at all sure that I shouldn't have done better to take my chance with the red lotion—if it was red lotion."

"Oh, you're all right, my lord," said Jenkinson reassuringly. "A bit squeamish you must expect to feel just at first, but you'll have a fine hap-petite for dinner, you'll find."

Sir Thomas was perplexed, and began to ask questions; but he obtained no intelligible answers, the young man feeling that, whatever the truth might be, his first duty was to shield Mrs. Alston. After a time, therefore, they went their several ways, Sir Thomas remarking, by way of moral: "Well, this will be a lesson to me not to meddle with women's perfumery again, and I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a

little more careful about your liquor in future."

Lord Arthur made no audible response, but, like Galileo, he reserved the last word for himself. "I believe it was curaçoa all the same!" he muttered.

CHAPTER II.

SIR THOMAS CLUTTERBUCK ascended pensively to his bedroom to get ready for dinner, for there were circumstances connected with this imbroglio which seemed to him to demand elucidation. Could it be that Mrs. Alston was in the habit of carrying cherry brandy about with her when she visited her friends? If so — but he was confident that it was not so.

"Oh no, it must be 'tother woman," he assured himself, "and the scent — which ought to be taken to her, by the way — is hers."

But the bottle which stood upon Sir Thomas's dressing-table, and upon which he had as yet bestowed only a hasty glance, did not contain scent. He picked it up now, and the label upon its surface told him in unequivocal terms what it did contain. This discovery gave him what Lord Arthur would have called "a nasty jar." He whistled and walked away towards the fire, shaking his head ruefully, and murmuring: "I couldn't have believed it of her! I've often enough heard people say that the color was unnatural, but I set that down to envy and jealousy. Ah, well! there's an end of my little romance, and it's lucky for me that I've found her out in time. Because, mind you," added Sir Thomas, addressing space impressively, "a woman who will deceive you in one way will deceive you in another."

At Sir Thomas's time of life the dissipation of a fond illusion is more apt to excite wrath than despair, and when he remembered the many occasions upon which Mrs. Alston had complacently suffered him to tell her how greatly he admired her wonderful hair, the desire to pay her out grew strong within him. "She deserves to be publicly exposed," he said to himself;

"but I suppose it would be almost too cruel to take the bottle down-stairs and hand it to her before them all."

Then, on a sudden, a brilliant idea occurred to him. "By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed aloud. "The others won't like to make any remark, even if they understand; but *she'll* understand fast enough, and I flatter myself that she won't enjoy her dinner this evening."

Mrs. Alston did not at all expect to enjoy her dinner, inasmuch as she had made up her mind to partake of that meal, or some poor substitute for it, in her own room. Already she had telegraphed to London for a further supply of the incomparable dye, and had sent a message to Mrs. Longworth to the effect that an excruciating attack of neuralgia would prevent her from seeing anybody that night or hunting on the morrow. But what went near to making her ill in good earnest was a dreadful piece of news which reached her from Lord Arthur Fulton, in answer to the inquiries which common humanity had prompted her to make as to his condition.

"I am yet alive, thank you," ran the note delivered to her by her maid, "notwithstanding the desperate remedies which I have had to employ. The provoking part of it is that I am now almost sure there was no occasion for them. What I drank must have been Mrs. Naylor's curaçoa; Mrs. Naylor, I expect, has been awarded a bottle of veterinary lotion, belonging to Sir Thomas Clutterbuck; and Sir Thomas has got your hair-dye. I am awfully sorry; but I am sure you will see that I have nothing to reproach myself with, as I only carried out your instructions to the best of my ability — and made myself disastrously sick into the bargain."

When Mrs. Alston had perused this terrible missive, she thought for a moment of dropping down dead; but reflecting that her demise would distress nobody in particular, while it would be productive of doubtful benefit to herself, she determined upon less heroic measures.

"Pinfold," said she to her maid, "you can pack up again. We shall return to London to-morrow."

There was, indeed, nothing else to be done. Sir Thomas, she knew, was old-fashioned in his ideas, abhorred artificiality, and would never forgive an innocent deception which had been practised upon him, in common with the rest of the world. The feelings of a gentleman would, she trusted, prevent him from divulging her secret; but she had no wish to face his reproaches or listen to his renunciation. The game, so far as Sir Thomas Clutterbuck was concerned, was up, and it only remained to draw fresh coverts.

Thus it was that Sir Thomas failed to bring about a dramatic situation which he had designed with much forethought and self-sacrifice. He was purposely the last to enter the drawing-room before dinner, but the swift glances which he threw to right and left of him made him aware that Mrs. Alston was not among the twenty or thirty persons there assembled. It was "Hamlet" with the title-rôle omitted, and he was soon to learn that his own part in the play had been undertaken to no purpose.

Upon the rest of the company the effect produced by his appearance was, to be sure, all that could have been desired, and even a little more. A sudden pause in the conversation, followed by a general gasp, greeted the entrance of this dapper little gentleman, whose face exhibited the lines that belonged to his years, while his hair, eyebrows, and moustache had the golden beauty of early youth.

"Has he gone mad?" whispered the awestruck Mrs. Longworth to her neighbor. "Why, he was as grey as a badger two hours ago!"

But Sir Thomas, having been prepared to create a sensation, advanced imperturbably to his hostess, who, recovering her self-possession with an effort, proceeded to tell him how very sorry she was that poor Mrs. Alston was suffering agonies from neuralgia.

"She sent some time ago to say that she wouldn't be able to appear this

evening, and now I have just had a second message, asking for a carriage to take her to the station to meet the twelve o'clock train to-morrow. She declares that she must be at home when these fits of neuralgia seize her, and that they always last a week."

Sir Thomas's jaw fell. "But you won't let her go!" he expostulated. "Don't—don't let her go until she has seen me!"

Mrs. Longworth was a kind-hearted woman. She surveyed her eager suppliant with good-natured compassion, and then, bending forward, "Do you know, Sir Thomas," she answered, in a low voice, "I think it would be better for her *not* to see you—as you are at present. Much better not!"

Sir Thomas fell back, with unspoken maledictions. The eyes of his fellow-guests were fixed upon him, and their countenances expressed neither admiration nor respect. In the background, Lord Arthur Fulton, the only person present who possessed the key to the enigma, was doubled up with convulsions of merriment.

"Oh, it's all very fine for you to laugh, you young jackanapes!" muttered Sir Thomas vindictively; "but, thank God! I'm not the only one who has made a fool of himself. It will take you all your time to stick to your saddle to-morrow, I suspect."

Lord Arthur, it was true, was feeling rather queer and rather feeble; but he was young, he had a vigorous constitution, and, as Jenkinson had foretold would be the case, he was already able to look forward to his dinner with pleasurable anticipation. As a matter of fact, he did enjoy his dinner very much indeed, and one reason for his doing so was that nearly the whole length of the table separated him from the fascinating Mrs. Naylor. He was a simple, innocent creature; he had still a great deal to learn; but he was assimilating knowledge by slow degrees (which is much the best way of growing wise), and he began to perceive that neither the Mrs. Naylor nor the Mrs. Alstons of this world are worth a tenth part of the agitation which they

manage to stir up. It was perhaps a little ridiculous of him to be shocked because one lady dyed her hair, while another was given to indulging in private sips of curaçoa; still, if he had not been shocked, he might easily have become even more ridiculous; so that he had at least as good cause for self-congratulation as the rejuvenated Sir Thomas, who had quite superfluously converted himself into an object of ridicule.

Miss Longworth, who, as it happened, had been placed on Lord Arthur's left hand, put an abrupt and somewhat embarrassing question to her neighbor presently. "Why did you laugh at the poor old fellow in that undisguised way?" she asked. "He saw you, and he didn't like it."

"I'm sorry if he saw me," the young man replied; "but I really couldn't help myself. Isn't it enough to make anybody laugh?"

"I don't think so; I think it is painful and disgusting. What could have made him do such a thing? However, I am thankful, for his sake, that Mrs. Alston hasn't come down, and that she is leaving to-morrow."

"Well, yes. But it would have been rather a joke if Mrs. Alston *had* come down, and I'm not sure that the laugh would have been upon her side then."

"Lord Arthur," said the girl, making a half-turn, so as to face the speaker, "I believe some horrid practical joke has been played, and I believe you are at the bottom of it. What does it all mean?"

Lord Arthur pulled himself together. He could not possibly tell her what it meant; but he saw that she was displeased at the idea of his having played practical jokes upon her parents' guests, and he was unwilling to displease her. Therefore he felt entitled to exonerate himself by answering:—

"I give you my word of honor that I am guiltless. I do know something, but I mustn't explain, and I dare say you will hear the truth some day. Indeed, you are almost sure to hear it; for Sir Thomas is too infuriated to hold

his tongue. For the present, it would be very kind of you if you wouldn't mind talking about anything else."

The readiness with which she accepted his word and started a different subject won his heart. So, at any rate, he subsequently averred, adding, by way of explanation, that it showed Annie Longworth's vast superiority to the rest of her sex. Lord Arthur Fulton, it may be mentioned, has now increased in wisdom to such a remarkable extent that he knows what women are. At least, he is fond of declaring solemnly that he does, and there is no denying that he has enjoyed opportunities of acquiring the knowledge to which he lays claim. Possibly, however, he might have failed to appreciate Miss Longworth at her true value, had she not been an extremely pretty, fresh, and natural girl, or had she not chosen the pursuit of the fox as the topic most likely to interest him.

As it was, she was so completely successful in interesting him that he neither did his duty to the elderly lady whom he had taken in to dinner, nor noticed that Mrs. Naylor was scowling menacingly at him across an intervening space of glass and silver and exotics. The discreditable fact is that he had temporarily forgotten Mrs. Naylor's very existence.

He was reminded of it when he entered the drawing-room with the other men, after spending a merry twenty minutes over coffee and cigarettes, during which Sir Thomas had not been spared by Mr. Longworth and other old friends. Sir Thomas had behaved very well; he had submitted to chaff good-humoredly enough, and had declared that it was no fault of his if his tradesmen were such idiots as to supply him with hair-dye instead of hair-wash. Only, on leaving the room, he had whispered, "Now, look here, Fulton; if you don't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Is that a bargain? And, I say—is there any known means of getting the confounded stuff off?"

Lord Arthur was still chuckling over the memory of this pathetic appeal when he was sobered by an imperative

gesture on Mrs. Naylor's part. He obeyed the summons with a sinking heart; for he was a good deal afraid of Mrs. Naylor, and it was forcibly borne in upon him that there was going to be trouble.

"May I ask," the irate lady began, with ominous calmness, "why you were so pressing in your entreaties to me to come down here with you?"

"Well, I thought you would enjoy a day with those hounds," he answered deprecatingly, "and — and it's a jolly house to stay in, you know. And then there will be the ball."

"Oh! — because those were not the reasons that you gave at the time. I dare say I may enjoy a day with the hounds, if we get a run, but I can't say that I am much impressed with the jollity of the company, so far, and as for the ball — well, I really didn't come here for the pleasure of seeing you dance a dozen times with that stick of a girl."

"She isn't very likely to give me a dozen dances," Lord Arthur returned; "and I don't know what you mean by a stick."

Mrs. Naylor looked as if she would like very well to tell him one of the meanings of the word "stick," and even to show him one of the purposes to which that implement may be applied; but she only remarked: "I don't admire your taste. For the matter of that, I never did admire it very much, and I certainly never admired the outrageous color of Mrs. Alston's hair. I presume you are now convinced that I didn't traduce her when I told you that she dyed it. Sir Thomas Clutterbuck is convinced, at all events, though he was an old goose to imagine that his little *coup de théâtre* had a chance of coming off. Of course she wasn't going to show from the moment she realized that those three bottles had gone wrong."

"Oh, you know, then?"

"I know there is a bottle of embrocation, or some other nasty-smelling stuff, in my room, to which he is very welcome as soon as he likes to send for it. Perhaps he will then restore me

my own bottle of physic, which seems to have gone astray through his stupidity."

"Haden't you better apply to Mrs. Alston? Your property ought to be in her hands, ought it not?"

"I suppose so; but I don't particularly care about holding any communication with her. She is a nasty, ill-natured little cat, and she would be only too glad of some excuse for spreading false reports about me. I was thinking you might send her a message to say that the bottle was yours, and that you would thank her to give it up."

"Oh, but then she might spread ill-natured reports about me, you see. That is, if the contents of your bottle are such as to give an air of probability to ill-natured reports."

"Nonsense! who cares what reports are spread about a man? Now, mind; I ask this of you as a favor, and I think, after the way in which you have behaved since you have been here, the least you can do is to oblige me in such a trifle."

"And suppose I decline?"

"If you do," answered Mrs. Naylor, making a mistake which, in view of certain previous passages between her and her interlocutor, was not wholly without excuse, "you may be very sure that I shall never ask another favor of you — or grant you one either."

She did not, to be sure, know that he had first appropriated her liquor and then deprived himself of it by methods of which the memory still rankled in his mind; still less could she have believed that the discovery of so venial a weakness on her part as a liking for curaçoa had inspired him with a holy horror of her. She was, therefore, completely taken aback when he jumped to his feet with alacrity, saying: —

"So be it, then! I'm sorry to appear disobliging, but really I have enough sins of my own upon my conscience, without undertaking to bear the burden of other people's. I'm afraid I must decline to interfere, whatever the consequences may be."

With that, he hastily withdrew, and

Mrs. Naylor had the mortification of observing that he made straight for Annie Longworth. Perhaps she was not far wrong when she muttered despairingly, "Horrid young humbug! — he only wanted a pretext." And without doubt she was right in concluding that she would merely be throwing away valuable time by devoting any further ingenuity to the enslavement of Lord Arthur Fulton.

Sir Thomas sent the remainder of Mrs. Alston's incomparable hair-dye to her that evening, with a note upon the composition of which he expended much labor, and which would have been more telling if it had not been quite so tremendously sarcastic. He himself received his red lotion from Mrs. Naylor, unaccompanied by any note or message, and thus he learnt, with a certain unholy joy, that young Fulton had reduced his weight and diminished his staying powers quite needlessly. Thus, also, he was enabled to distinguish himself in the hunting-field without fear of calamitous results to the mare, and to forget for the time being the alteration in his appearance which was dreadfully conspicuous by daylight.

Mrs. Naylor, on the other hand, did not distinguish herself that day. Whether owing to the lack of her accustomed modicum of stimulant, or to the absence of any special motive for showing what she could do, certain it is that she allowed herself to be "stopped" at a brook by Miss Longworth, who rode with far less skill and judgment, but who had the courage of youth and ignorance; and shortly after that public humiliation she disappeared from view. Possibly, being a shrewd woman, she may have realized that there are contests in which it is useless to struggle against youth. Ignorance, too, is not without its advantages.

Now, Mrs. Naylor might, had she considered it worth her while to be malicious, have enlightened Annie Longworth's ignorance with respect to Lord Arthur's career and its episodes; but, upon the whole, it seemed equally easy and more sensible to rest satisfied

with the discomfiture of Mrs. Alston and accept her own less conspicuous defeat philosophically. Returning early to Newton Longworth, she sought an interview with her hostess, and stated, with much apparent regret, that she had just received a telegram which would necessitate her departure before the ball.

"Oh, *must* you go?" exclaimed good-natured Mrs. Longworth, in honest distress. "This is really becoming a *saute qui peut*! First Mrs. Alston, and now you! I suppose the next thing I shall hear will be that Sir Thomas Cluttbuck has decided to desert us."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Mrs. Naylor dryly.

And, indeed, before the day was over Sir Thomas justified anticipation by following suit. He came in half an hour before dinner, smothered in mud and quietly triumphant, having demonstrated to his juniors that he could still ride as straight as any man of half his age; but he was not eager to compete with the young people in a field where grey hair is heavily handicapped, and where hair which has been obviously robbed of that respectable hue places its owner under a double disadvantage. He wished, moreover, to get up to London as soon as he could, and consult experts, with a view to the recovery of his normal aspect.

So of the four travellers who had journeyed down to Newton Longworth together, only one remained in the house thirty-six hours after their arrival; and if he did not consider himself an uncommonly lucky fellow, that was only because no one ever does appreciate unmerited luck. To have been set free at a blow from the entanglements of two formidable ladies — for both Mrs. Alston and Mrs. Naylor were very formidable, and he was no match for either of them — might in truth have prompted him to return thanks to his guardian angel; but he was, for the moment, too much overcome with admiration for Annie Longworth's pluck — not to speak of her other attractions — to have any room left in his mind for reflection upon the

perils which he had escaped. This was the third brush that she had won that season, she told him, and he obtained leave to have it mounted for her.

It was some months after these events that Lord Arthur, turning out of his club in Pall Mall, ran against Sir Thomas Clutterbuck, who said :—

"So you're to be congratulated, I hear. Well, she's a nice girl, and if a man must needs marry, I don't know that he could do better than choose a girl of that sort. For my own part, I've come to the conclusion that the less one has to do with women the more likely one is to enjoy life. It's possible to get along quite comfortably without 'em, I can assure you. Been consulting any more amateur vets lately?"

Lord Arthur made a retrospective grimace. "I haven't had occasion to do so, I'm thankful to say," he replied. "Have you been making any more experiments in the hair-restoring line?"

"My dear fellow, you wouldn't believe what a job I had to get rid of that infernal stuff! The end of it was that I was obliged to have my head shaved and go off on a sea-voyage for three weeks. However, I'm my own master now, anyhow, which is more than can be said for you. I think, Fulton, we may as well draw a decent veil over the episodes of our visit to your future wife's family. It makes a good story, I admit, but one isn't justified in telling tales about ladies, you know."

"I suppose not," answered the other, guiltily conscious of having already told his future wife all about it. "Good-bye!"

W. E. NORRIS.

From Temple Bar.

"LAMB'S DUCHESS ;"

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

"THE whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic," wrote Pepys of the subject of this paper, whom some of her contemporaries irreverently styled "Mad Madge of

Newcastle," while later critics thought so highly of her that, in "A Vision of Female Poets"¹ Shakespeare and Milton are represented as respectfully helping her to alight from her Pegasus. The imputation of insanity probably troubled the duchess but little; she would console herself with the reflection that "great wits are sure to madness near allied;" and if, as some of her biographers assert, her devoted loyalty to her husband, in the extremely disloyal court of Charles II., earned her the nickname of "Mad Madge," it becomes a title of honor.

There is no indication of madness in the laurel-crowned and graceful portrait prefixed to her "Description of a New World;" simply robed, reclining easily in her chair, and absorbed in reflection, she looks an ideal young Muse—grave, calm, with firmly closed lips, rounded cheeks and chin, wavy hair flowing over a beautiful throat, and large, dark, earnest eyes. The engraving, published in 1799 by Harding, is very fine. It is obviously taken from the large family group representing the duchess with the duke and his children, which forms the frontispiece to "Nature's Picture drawn by Fancie's Pencil."

The writings of the duchess *in extenso* by no means commend themselves to a busy and practical age, but such of them as record her own and her husband's experiences can never lose their interest; while shrewd observations and poetic fancies are mingled with even her wildest speculations. Two comparatively recent editors have laid very judicious selections from her folios before the public, but there are still good gleanings left for those who refer to the originals,² though it must be admitted that a great deal of chaff has to be winnowed away before the precious grain is discovered.

¹ Connoisseur, vol. II., p. 265, edit. 1774.

² "Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and his Wife," edited by M. A. Lower, 1856; and "The Cavalier and his Lady" (Golden Treasury Series), edited by Edward Jenkins, which does not give the life of the duke, but selections from the works of both, including the autobiography of the duchess. In the passages quoted in this paper, Mr. Jenkins's plan of modernizing spelling and the use of capital letters, has been adopted.

Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, was born at St. John's, near Colchester. She does not give the year, but it is supposed to have been about 1624. She was the youngest of eight children, of whom she writes, "there was not any one crooked nor any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish nor of giant-like stature, but every way proportionable, well-featured, clear complexions, brown hair, sound teeth, plain speeches, tunable voices — I mean not so much to sing, as in speaking."

Sir Thomas Lucas died when Margaret was an infant, and she only knew him by reputation as a gallant and unfortunate gentleman ("which title," she says, "is given and ground by merit, not by princes; and 'tis the act of time, not favor"). "One Mr. Brooks" did him an injury; "my father by honor challenged him, with valor fought him, and in justice killed him," on which Lord Cobham, who was the protector, and as some suppose the brother, of the fallen man, used his influence with Queen Elizabeth to send Sir Thomas into an exile which only terminated with her life. He did not long survive his recall to England on the accession of James I. Lady Lucas is described by her daughter with love and veneration: —

Her beauty was beyond the ruin of time. She had a well-favored loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years; and by her dying one might think Death was enamored of her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently as if he were afraid to hurt her.¹

After the death of Sir Thomas Lucas, his widow "made her house her cloister, enclosing herself, as it were, therein, for she seldom went abroad except to church."

Her whole life was devoted to the education of her children, and the careful management of the estates which would ultimately become theirs. The sons of the house, whose educa-

tion was complete while Margaret was still a child, "loved virtue, endeavored merit, practised justice, and spoke truth; they were constantly loyal and truly valiant." Both scholars and soldiers from early youth —

their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, and shooting; for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits. Neither had they skill or did use to play, for aught I could hear, at cards or dice or the like games; nor given to any vice, as I did know.

The daughters "were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, and honorably." Lady Lucas, unlike those mothers of the period, who by the testimony of Lady Jane Grey and others ruled by fear, and punished their shrinking children with "nips and pinches," was both tender and firm.

My mother [says Margaret] naturally did strive to please and delight her children, not to cross or to torment them, terrifying them with threats or lashing them with slavish whips; instead of threats reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes the deformities of vice were discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented to us.

In like manner the wise mother refrained from undue economy, never restricting her children in "honest pleasures and harmless delights," lest, "if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us mean thoughts and base actions, which she knew my father as well as herself did abhor."

She brought them up "in plenty, not only for necessity, convenience, and decency, but for delight and superfluity . . . as for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly. Maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it."

So excellent was her management, that, says Margaret: —

Although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and

¹ The Cavalier and his Lady. Macmillan, 1872, p. 49.

her sons, paying a sum of money for portions to her daughters either at the day of their marriage or when they should come of age, yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived, and was never in debt, being rather beforehand with the world, buying all with ready money, not on the score.

For tutors, she says, in singing, dancing, writing and the like, they had "all sorts of virtuosos," but "rather for formality than benefit," as Lady Lucas thought the formation of her children's characters more important than accomplishments. Their pastimes were "to read, write, work, and walk with each other."

There was such perfect harmony in the family at St. John's that even after several of its members were happily married,¹ they lived with Lady Lucas when she was in the country; and though in London they were "dispersed into several houses of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children." In winter they made parties to visit the theatres, or drove about London in their coaches "to see the concourse of people, and in the springtime to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places, and sometimes they would have music and sup in barges upon the water."

I observed [continued Margaret] they did seldom make visits, nor ever went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them. And not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters in law. And their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionate dispositions.

The civil war broke up this happy circle. Lady Lucas was forced from her house, says her daughter, —

by reason she and her children were loyal to the king, for which they plundered her and them of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like — cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings. In such misfortunes my mother was of a heroic spirit, in suffering patiently when there was no remedy, and being industrious where she thought she could help. She was of a grave behavior, and such a majestic grandeur continually hung about her that it would strike a kind of awe into beholders, and command respect from the rudest (I mean the rudest of civilized people — I mean not such people as plundered her and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of Heaven had they had power, as they did royalty out of his throne).²

At this time, to the surprise and even grief of her family, Margaret, the youngest, shyest, and most studious (or rather, perhaps, meditative, for she admits that her "study of books was little," though she would walk alone for hours "in a musing, considering, contemplative manner") of them all, announced her wish to join the queen at Oxford, hearing that she had not the same number of maids of honor as formerly. The romantic and generous spirit of her house prompted this impulse. She had not been attracted by court gaieties and splendor, but when the throne was shaken her loyalty shone out. She could not fight for the king like her gallant brothers, but she could offer her dutiful service to the queen, flying in distress from her enemies.

Lady Lucas understood her child, and did not oppose her resolution, although she let her go with pain. But the brothers and sisters were less easily reconciled, "by reason," says Margaret, "I had never been from home and seldom out of their sight." They feared that her inexperience might lead her to act to her own disadvantage, "which indeed I did," she confesses, "for I was so bashful when out of my mother's, brothers' and sisters' sight, whose presence used to give

¹ Lord Lucas married the daughter of Sir Christopher Neville; Sir Thomas Lucas, the daughter of Sir John Byron (an ancestor of the poet); the daughters married Sir Peter Killigrew, Sir William Waller, and Sir Edmund Pye.

² The Cavalier and his Lady. Macmillan, 1872, pp. 48, 49.

me confidence, thinking I could not do amiss whilst any one of them were by, for I knew they would gently reform me if I did." This reserve and self-distrust made Margaret, with all her beauty and talent, unpopular in the queen's circle. She was studying character, observing and pondering, and in her grave young mind reprobating levity and worldliness; and the courtiers who felt those serious eyes upon them tried to avenge themselves by turning her into ridicule. "Being dull," by which she apparently means quiet, "fearful and bashful," she says she heeded only "what belonged to my loyal duty and my honest reputation . . . inasmuch as I was thought a natural fool."

This state of things became so painful to young Mistress Lucas that she soon wished to return to her mother, or to one of her married sisters, Lady Pye, with whom she often lived when in London, and whom she "loved with a supernatural affection." But Lady Lucas disapproved of a step which would have looked like caprice or irresolution, and counselled her daughter to remain, "though I put her to more charges than if she had kept me at home, and she maintained me so that I was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow, which courtiers usually are not." In obedience to her mother's advice, Margaret Lucas, instead of returning home, accompanied Henrietta Maria to France, and so decided her own fate, there meeting her future husband.

William Cavendish was born in 1592 (his wife, with her persistent disregard of dates, does not mention the year), and on leaving Cambridge, having been made a Knight of the Bath at sixteen, accompanied Sir William Wotton when sent as ambassador to the Duke of Savoy. Returning to England, he married Elizabeth Basset of Blore, "by whom was added a great part to his estate." Honors were heaped upon him by King James and his successor, which, however, entailed costly recognition, for when the latter monarch went to Scotland, he was entertained at Welbeck "in such an excess of feast-

ing, as had scarce ever been known in England." Ben Jonson's masque, "Love's Welcome at Welbeck," was written for this visit, and "Love's Welcome at Bolsover," for "a more stupendous entertainment, to the king and queen, given in the following year, which no man ever after in those days imitated."¹ The two visits cost the host £20,000.

In 1638, the then Earl of Newcastle was summoned to court and made privy councillor, and governor to the Prince of Wales.

Strong personal regard, combined with the principle of loyalty, attached him to the Stuarts at all costs and hazards; but it is not possible here to follow in detail the series of sacrifices and exertions on behalf of Charles which, from 1641 to 1644, dissipated his fortune and nearly broke his heart. His second wife adds many picturesque touches to her narrative of this period, such as "the dismal sight of the horse of his Majesty's right wing, which, out of a panic fear, had left the field and run away with all the speed they could; and though my lord made them stand once, yet they immediately took themselves to their heels again, and killed even those of their own party that endeavored to stop them;" and an encounter with a Scots regiment of foot, "in which my lord himself killed three with his page's half-leaden sword, for he had no other left him; and though all the gentlemen in particular offered him their swords, yet my lord refused to take a sword of any of them."² He was a gallant soldier, and a most zealous and indefatigable servant of the king; but the royal cause was hopeless, and, according to Clarendon, "transported with passion and despair," at the way in which the army he had with such difficulty raised had been "thrown away," he left England after the battle of Marston Moor. His wife had died in 1643, and he was only

¹ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. I., p. 167.

² *Life of William, Duke of Newcastle*, by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, edited by Mark Anthony Lower. Russell Smith, 1872, pp. 61-63.

accompanied by his two sons, his brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, and some friends. All the money with which his steward could provide him was ninety pounds, and it is not surprising to learn that on landing at Hamburg he had to dismiss some of his servants and to travel by wagon instead of coach. However, he managed to obtain more money¹ with which in the following year he proceeded to Paris, where he immediately "went to tender his humble duty" to Queen Henrietta Maria. There he for the first time met the young maid of honor, of whose beauty and talents he had heard much from her eldest brother, Lord Lucas, his friend and comrade. The duke—or rather, as he was then, the marquis—was handsome, with a dignified and noble carriage, and a thoughtful, amiable expression; his reputation for chivalrous and self-sacrificing loyalty had preceded him. His behavior, says Margaret, was such "that it might be a pattern for all gentlemen. Courtly, civil, easy and free, without formality or constraint, and yet hath something in it of grandeur, that causes an awful respect towards him." They were mutually attracted at once, and after he had stayed in Paris some little time, "he was pleased," she says simply, "to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me, inasmuch that he proposed to choose me for his 'second wife,'" and in her autobiographic sketch² she adds:—

Though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could, yet I could not nor had the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. . . . Neither title, wealth, power, nor person, could entice me to love; but my love was honest and hon-

orable, being placed upon merit. Which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, was pleased with delight in his wit, was proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphed in the affection he professed for me. Those affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise; which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns.

And fortune frowned darkly on the early days of the marriage, for Margaret tells us that her husband, having no estate or means left to maintain himself and his family, "was necessitated to seek for credit, and live upon the courtesy of those that were pleased to trust him. Which though they did for some while, and showed themselves very civil to my lord, yet they grew weary at length." To such straits were the bride and bridegroom then reduced that their steward announced that he was not able to provide a dinner for them, the creditors being resolved to trust them no longer. On this, observes the patient bride: "My lord, being always a great master of his passions, showed himself not in any manner troubled, but in a pleasant manner told me that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make as much money as would procure a dinner." The poor young wife had to confess that her scanty wardrobe would not answer the purpose, and asked her waiting-maid to pawn "some small toys" which she had given her. This was done, and, fortified by the meal, the marquis presented himself before his creditors, and, "by his civil deportment and persuasive arguments," induced them not only to furnish him with goods, but to lend him money to redeem the pledged "toys." The marchioness then sent her waiting-maid to England, to ask Lord Lucas to forward her slender dowry, reduced by the losses to which her family had been subjected. Thither also the marquis despatched his son's tutor, to endeavor to raise funds amongst his friends, but Mr. Benoist effected little, "by reason everybody was so afraid of the Parliament they durst not relieve him who

¹ Partly by pawning his late wife's jewels. He had, as one of the Royalist leaders, been excluded from pardon by the Parliament, and his estates had been confiscated. They were in part restored to him (strange to say) after the return of Charles the Second.

² For the future it seems unnecessary to distinguish between short passages taken from the lives of the duke and duchess. Both are contained in one volume of the "Library of Old Authors."

was counted a traitor for his honest and loyal service to his king and country."

The next attempt to mend the family fortunes made by the marquis was sending his sons—under the charge of an appropriately named Mr. Loving—to look for some "rich matches" which had been suggested for them in England. But example, apparently, carried more weight with the young men than precept. The father had married a girl young, lovely, but almost portionless; and the sons, although they did not return to France, professed themselves in no hurry to wed the heiresses of whom they went in search.

In the spring of 1648, Henrietta Maria desired the marquis and marchioness to follow her son to Holland, whither he went with the intention of taking command of the English ships which had revolted against the Parliament; and her Majesty became security for the marquis's debts to enable him to quit Paris with his suite. "The day we left," writes his wife artlessly, "the creditors, coming to take farewell of my lord, expressed so great a love and kindness for him, accompanied with so many hearty prayers and wishes, that he could not but prosper on his journey." No doubt the creditors were sincerely anxious for the safe return of the party. One only fears that their benisons may have been alloyed by certain sordid speculations as to future payment in full.

In Spain the travellers had a royal reception. The governor of Cambray met them at the head of a torch-light procession, offered them the keys of the city, and invited them to an entertainment. This being refused on the ground of fatigue, the governor sent a liberal supply of provisions to their lodgings, and instructed the landlord to make no charge for whatever they might have. "Which extraordinary civilities showed," says the marchioness, "that he was a right noble Spaniard."

Arriving at Rotterdam they heard that the prince had put off to sea, on which the marquis hired and provi-

sioned a boat to follow him; but his wife, being unwilling that he should venture on so uncertain a voyage, "and, as the proverb is, seek a needle in a bottle of hay," he desisted from that design. Two members of the suite, less amenable to persuasion, started in search of the prince, and were driven on the Scottish coast, to the peril of their lives; only to hear on returning to Holland that Charles was no further off than the Hague, where the marquis had joined him.

The negotiations carried on there proving fruitless, as usual,¹ the marquis, who had again become very short of cash and wished to live in a more private manner, dismissed most of his retinue and set out for Antwerp, where he took the house of "the widow of a famous picture-drawer," no other than Rubens, whose museum the marquis afterwards purchased for £1,000; but this was not until much more prosperous days. On his arrival in Antwerp he "was credited by the citizens for furniture, meat, and drink, and all kinds of necessaries, which certainly was a special blessing of God, he being not only a stranger in that nation, but, to all appearance, a ruined man."

Here, the marquis's chief and favorite occupation was training horses, or "the manage," as his wife calls it. He had eight beautiful creatures altogether—

in which he took so much delight and pleasure that, though he was then in distress for money, yet he would sooner have tried all other ways than parted with any of them. For I have heard him say that good horses are so dear as not to be valued for money . . . so great a love hath my lord for good horses! And certainly I have observed, and do verily believe, that some of them had also a particular love to my lord; for they seemed to rejoice whensoever he came into the stables, by their trampling action, and the noise they made. Nay,

¹ "The fleet did not come in," says the marchioness. And the Royalist projects were set aside on receiving news of the destruction of the Duke of Hamilton's army, and the capitulation of Colchester, after which Margaret's gallant and beloved brother, Sir Charles Lucas, lost his life, being sentenced to death by court-martial, shot in the castle-yard, and buried in St. Giles's Church, Colchester.

they would go much better in the manage when my lord was by than when he was absent. And when he rode them himself they seemed to take much pleasure and pride in it. Of all horses my lord loved Spanish horses and barbs best, saying that Spanish horses were like princes, and barbs like gentlemen, in their kind.

The Marquis of Newcastle's riding-school became one of the sights of Antwerp, and the citizens may have been to some extent rewarded for their financial forbearance by its fame, and the number of visitors it attracted.

Not only did foreign princes and distinguished strangers of all nations make a point of visiting the duke, but his Majesty [Charles the Second] and all the royal race [writes the marchioness] with the exception of Princess Henriette—that is to say the princess royal, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester, being met one time in Antwerp, were pleased to accept of a small entertainment at my lord's house, such as his condition was able to afford them . . . and his Majesty did merrily and in jest tell me, "That he perceived my lord's credit could procure better meat than his own." . . . These passages I mention only to declare my lord's happiness in his miseries.

The patience of the generous citizens of Antwerp, with regard to a settlement of accounts, showing signs of coming to an end, and money given by the queen and lent by other friends being exhausted, the Marchioness of Newcastle and her brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish,¹ went to England, to endeavor to obtain some funds from

¹ His sister-in-law's description of this excellent man is worth quoting: "He was nobly generous, wisely valiant, naturally civil, honestly kind, truly loving, virtuously temperate. His promise was like a fixed decree, his words were destiny; his life was holy, his disposition mild, his behavior courteous, his discourse pleasing. He had a ready wit and a spacious knowledge, a settled judgment, a clear understanding, a rational insight. He was learned in all arts and sciences, especially mathematics, and though his tongue preached not moral philosophy yet his life taught it. Indeed, he was such a person that he might have been a pattern for all mankind. He loved my lord his brother with a doting affection, as my lord did him; for whose sake I suppose he was so nobly generous, so carefully kind and respectful to me. . . . I will build his monument of truth though I cannot of marble, and hang my tears as scutcheons on his tomb."

the Sequestration Committee. They were so ill-provided with money that they had to wait in Southwark while Sir Charles's steward pawned his master's watch to pay for their lodgings. Proceeding then to other apartments in Covent Garden, the marchioness made application, through Lord Lucas, for the customary share of her husband's estate (then estimated at upwards of £22,000 a year, which would now, according to Mr. Lower, represent at least £150,000 a year) allowed to the "wives of delinquents" but was absolutely refused, on the two grounds that she was married after the sequestration, and that her husband had been "the greatest traitor in England," that is to say, she comments, "the honestest man, because he had been most against them."

In her short autobiography the marchioness gives some quaint particulars of this visit to England, interspersed as usual with moral reflections and analyses of her own character:—

Being accompanied by my lord's only brother, who was commanded to return, to live therein or lose his estate, over I went. But when I came there I found their hearts as hard as my fortunes, and their natures as cruel as my miseries. For they sold all my lord's estate, and gave me not any part thereof, so that few or no other was so hardly dealt with. Indeed, I did not stand as a beggar at the Parliament door, neither did I haunt the committees, for I never was at any but one as a petitioner in my life, which was at Goldsmiths' Hall, and I received neither gold nor silver from them . . . but I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so without speaking unto them one word, good or bad, I returned unto my lodgings.

There were evidently prototypes of our strong-minded and energetic advocates of women's rights, doubtfully regarded by the more conservative of their sex, in Lady Newcastle's time; for she continues:—

The customs of England are changed as well as the laws, where women become pleaders, attorneys, petitioners and the like, running about with their several causes, complaining of their several grievances,

exclaiming against their several enemies, bragging of their several favors they receive from the powerful. Thus trafficking with idle words brings in false reports and vain discourse. For the truth is, our sex doth nothing but jostle for the pre-eminence of words (I mean not for speaking well but speaking much) as they do for the pre-eminence of place. . . . But if our sex would but well consider, and rationally ponder, they will perceive that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and merit. Nor can words or place disgrace them, but inconstancy and boldness. For an honest heart, a noble soul, a chaste life, and a true-speaking tongue, is the throne, sceptre, crown, and footstool, that advances them to an honorable renown.

She adds that she was herself naturally too bashful to push her way amongst this jostling crowd of claimants —

not that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities (or rank) of the persons, but the number; for were I to enter into a company of Lazaruses I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Cæsars or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos. . . . But the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived; . . . and the best remedy I ever found is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous. The reason I take to be this: that the wise and virtuous censure least, excuse most, praise best, esteem rightly, judge justly, and speak modestly — where fools and unworthy persons are apt to be bold, rude, uncivil in word and action, forgetting or not well understanding the company they are with.

A year and a half the marchioness remained in England, a quiet and anxious time, during which her great pleasure, next to visiting her brothers and sisters, was hearing music at the house of Mr. Lawes, the composer, and the friend of Milton. "Else I never stirred out of my lodgings," she says, "and seldom did dress myself, taking no delight to adorn myself since he I only desired to please was absent, although report did dress me in a hundred several fashions." She occupied herself mainly with writings both in prose and verse begun while living

abroad, where the marquis also was engaged on his first work on horsemanship.

Lady Newcastle alludes to her husband's encouragement of her literary pursuits when inscribing to him her "CCXI. Sociable Letters,"¹ to which he prefixed some highly commendatory verses. After deprecating some supposed advice to engage in women's customary work, such as "needlework and cooking-work," of which she confesses total ignorance, she adds: —

But your lordship never bade me to work and leave writing, except when you would persuade me to spare so much time from my study as to take the air for my health. The truth is, my lord, I cannot work — I mean such work as ladies use to pass their time withal. . . . But yet I must ask your leave to say that I am not a dunce in all employments, for I understand the keeping of sheep and ordering of a grange indifferently well, although I do not busy myself much with it, by reason my scribbling takes away the most part of my time. Perchance some may say that if my understanding be most of sheep it is a beastly understanding. My answer is, I wish men were as harmless as most beasts are, then surely the world would be more quiet and happy than it is.

In this book her aim is, she says, "under the cover of letters to express the humors of mankind, and the actions of man's life by the correspondence of two ladies, which make it not only their chief delight and pastime, but their tie in friendship, to discourse by letters as they would do if they were personally together." She quaintly adds that she has chosen this form rather than the dramatic because "I have put forth twenty plays already, which number I thought to be sufficient." The imaginary correspondents write to each other about visiting, dress, study, and their friends' affairs in a fashion reminding one of some of the letters in "The Tatler" or "Spectator." The marchioness was eminently practical, and did not sympathize with those who hope to win heaven merely by "much speaking."

As for Lady P. Y. [writes one of the

¹ Published in 1664.

friends] who you say spends most of her time in prayer, I can hardly believe God, who knows our thoughts, minds, and souls, better than we ourselves, can be pleased with so many words. . . . One act of upright justice or pure charity is better than a book full of prayers. . . . Indeed, every good deed is a prayer, for we do good for God's sake, as being pleasing to him ; a chaste, honest, just, charitable, temperate life is a devout life ; and worldly labor is devout, as to be honestly industrious to get, and prudent to thrive, that one may have wherewithal to give.¹

Nor did she approve of political women, considering that their influence was entirely mischievous.

I perceive that the Lady N. P. is an actor in some State design, or at least would be thought so [she writes] ; for our sex in this age is ambitious to be State ladies, that they may be thought to be wise women. But let us do what we can we shall prove ourselves fools, for wisdom is an enemy to our sex, or rather our sex is an enemy to wisdom. It is true we are full of designs and plots, and ready to side into factions, but plotting, designing factions belong nothing to wisdom. . . . I wish for the honor of our sex that women could as easily make peace as war, though it is easier to do evil than good, for every fool can make an uproar such as the wisest can hardly settle into order again.²

When the second year in England was entered upon the marchioness grew anxious to rejoin her husband.

I became very melancholy [she says] by reason I was from my lord, which made my mind so restless that it did break my sleep and distemper my health. With which, growing impatient of a longer delay, I resolved to return, although I was grieved to leave Sir Charles, he being sick of an ague . . . yet Heaven knows I did not think his life was so near an end, for his doctor had great hopes of his perfect recovery. So I made haste to return to my lord, with whom I had rather be as a poor beggar than to be mistress of the world absent from him. Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross yet we do submit, and are content with what cannot be mended, and are so prepared that the worst of fortunes shall not make us unhappy, however it doth pinch our lives with poverty.

News of the indisposition of the marquis finally hastened his wife's return to him ; his brother intended to accompany her, but his own increasing illness prevented him. Sir Charles had compounded for his estates at a heavy cost, and was enabled to assist his brother most generously, but did not long enjoy his own comparative prosperity. Almost the first news which reached the marchioness after her return to the Continent was that of his death. "An extreme affliction," she says, "both to my lord and myself, for they loved each other entirely. In truth, he was a person of so great worth . . . that not only his friends, but even his enemies did much lament his loss."

Commenting on the pursuits of the marquis and marchioness during their residence abroad Sir Egerton Brydges asks : —

What can be more amiable and virtuous than a resort to the consolations of literature in such a state? After the enjoyment of high rank and splendid fortune, noble is the spirit that will not be broken by the grip of poverty, the expulsion from home, and kindred, and friends, and the desertion of the world! Under the gloom of such oppression to create wealth and a kingdom within the mind, shows an intellectual energy which ought not to be defrauded of its praise.

One consolation possessed by the marquis was his firm belief in the approaching restoration of monarchy in England. "Whensoever," says his wife, "I expressed how little faith I had in it he would gently reprove me, saying I believed least what I desired most, and could never be happy if I endeavored to exclude all hopes and entertained nothing but doubts and fears."

The hopes were realized in 1660, when the marquis followed his king to London, so transported with joy at returning to his native country that his first supper at Greenwich "seemed more savory to him than any meat he had ever tasted, and the noise of some scraping fiddles he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had

¹ Pages 120, 121. ² CCXI. Letters, pp. 12, 13.

heard." His sons received him with joy, but his poor wife was left in Antwerp "as a pawn for his debts until he could compass money to discharge them . . . and certainly my lord's affection to me was such that it made him very industrious in providing those means."

Soon after she joined him in England the faithful pair, now become duke and duchess, retired to Welbeck, to discover their actual position, and see what remained to them, or could be recovered, of their once princely fortune. It was a melancholy survey. The Duke of York restored such portions of the lands, as, having been purchased by the regicides, had been given to him by his brother the king, and they brought in about £730 a year:—

But those which had been alienated by the duke's sons, or by officers in trust, even when they had acted without his sanction, he could not recover. The duchess computes that he lost in this way lands worth £50,000, and he was obliged to sell others to the value of £60,000 to pay debts contracted during the war and exile. His woods had been cut down, his houses and farms plundered, and he had lost sixteen years' rents. The total of his losses is estimated by the duchess to be about £940,000.¹

£941,303, she calls it, with commendable minuteness, in her life of the duke. Their two houses, Welbeck and Bolsover, were much out of repair, nothing being left in them "but some few hangings and pictures which had been saved by the care and industry of the duke's eldest daughter." Of his eight parks only Welbeck remained, the others were "totally defaced and destroyed, both wood, pales, and deer."

Clipston Park, seven miles in extent, "wherein he had taken much delight formerly, it containing the greatest and tallest timber trees of all the woods he had . . . watered by a pleasant river full of fish and otters," and well stocked with all kinds of game, was laid waste; and, says his wife:—

Although his patience and wisdom is such that I never perceived him sad or discontented for his own losses and misfortunes, yet when he beheld the ruins of that park I observed him troubled, though he did little express it, only saying he had been in hopes it would not have been so much defaced as he found it, there not being one timber-tree in it left for shelter. However, he patiently bore what could not be helped, and gave present order for the cutting down of some wood that was left him in a place near adjoining, to re-pale it, and got from several friends deer to stock it. Thus, though his law-suits and other unavoidable expenses were very chargeable to him, yet he ordered his affairs so prudently that by degrees he stocked those lands he keeps for his own use, and in part repaired his manor-houses, Welbeck and Bolsover.

Very quaintly and prettily, with the most perfect faith in, and admiration for her husband, the duchess goes on to describe and enumerate his acts of gallantry in war and wisdom in peace, his cheerful sacrifices for his king, his losses, and "his blessings;" amongst which latter she specifies:—

That he made him happy in his marriage; for his first wife was a very kind, loving, and virtuous lady, and blessed him with dutiful and obedient children, free from vices, noble and generous both in their natures and actions; who did all that lay in their power to support and relieve my lord, their father, in his banishment.

She then speaks of his active life and extreme temperance,² and quotes some of his sayings and opinions, proudly remarking that two at least (on "whether it is possible to make men by art fly as birds do," and "on witchcraft"), uttered in conversation with Hobbes, so pleased that learned philosopher that he included them in his own works. "In a monarchical government," said the duke, "to be for the king is to be for the commonwealth, for when head and body are divided, the life of happiness dies, and the soul

¹ Dictionary of National Biography. London. 1887, vol. ix., p. 368.

² "He makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; while glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg, and a draught of small beer."

of peace is departed." He would have had all controversial books written in Latin, "that none but the learned may read them, and that there should be no disputations but in schools ;" and emphatically asserted that "no offices or commands should be sold . . . all magistrates, officers, commanders, heads, and rulers, in what profession soever, both in Church and State, should be chosen according to their abilities, wisdom, courage, piety, justice, honesty, and loyalty ; and then they'll mind the public good more than their particular interest." The duchess amply supports her statement that "my lord hath an excellent wit and judgment ;" though conjugal affection blinds her when she adds, "I may justly call him the best lyric and dramatic poet of this age."

But this is an amiable error, and testifies to the strength of the affection which, having made her, as Sir Egerton Brydges says, "the companion of the duke's misfortunes, the solace of his exile, the sharer of his poverty,"¹ led her to over-estimate the value of his works.

After their return to England, when political changes and the duke's wise management had restored them to affluence, they continued to live principally in the country.

Age [says Sir Egerton Brydges] had now made the duke desirous only of repose ; and her Grace, the faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, was little disposed to quit the luxurious quiet of rural grandeur, which was as soothing to her disposition as it was concordant with her duty. To such a pair the noisy and intoxicated joy of a profligate court would have been a thousand times more painful than all the wants of their late chilling but calm poverty.

Very different is the comment of Walpole. "What a picture of foolish nobility," he exclaims, "was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves !" And Pepys, in a fit

of extraordinary bitterness (one of his "merry evenings" must have been followed by a more than usually sad morning), calls the duchess's best-known work "the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."² No doubt the publication of so laudatory a biography as that of the duke, during its subject's life, has its ludicrous side, and his wife's sketch of herself, though she honestly tries to set down her failings as well as her gifts, is not without a certain calm, self-complacency provocative to the flippant commentator. Historians differ over the career of the duke as critics do over the mental calibre of the duchess. But taken as a whole the biographies are fine studies of fine characters, without which the world would have been poorer.

On their occasional visits to London, the duke and duchess excited interest and curiosity, not always sympathetic, in all beholders. Evelyn frequently mentions them in his "Diary ;" his mother-in-law, Lady Browne, of Sayes Court, had been a friend to Margaret in her early days of attendance on Henrietta Maria,³ and she and the duke took much grateful notice of the Evelyns. On April 27th, 1667, he writes :

In the afternoon I went again with my wife to the Duchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humor and dress, which was very singular, . . . They received me with great kindness, and I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the duchess.

And on the 30th of the same month :

To London, to wait on the Duchess of Newcastle (who was a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy, and had in both published divers books) to the Royal Society [of which he was one of the chief promoters], whither she came in great pomp, and being received by our lord pres-

² Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. By Horace Walpole, Strawberry Hill Press, vol. II., p. 9.

³ Sir Richard Browne was English ambassador in Paris.

¹ Preface to the edition of her autobiography printed for him at Lee Priory, in 1814.

ident at the door of our meeting-room, the mace, etc., carried before him, had several experiments shown to her. I conducted her Grace to her coach and returned home.

Pepys, who seems to have had a spite against the duchess, for no discoverable reason except that he once or twice grew hot and flustered, and very likely got his wig out of order, "driving hard" to overtake her coach, which was "so crowded upon by other coaches, and a hundred boys and girls looking upon her," that he could not get a satisfactory sight of her "comely countenance," gives a more acrid account of this visit:—

After dinner I walked to Arundel House, the way very dusty, where I find very much company in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society: and was; after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it, and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the duchess with her women attending her, among others the Ferabosco, of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The duchess hath been a good, comely woman, but her dress so antic and her deportment so ordinary that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colors, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors; among others of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. . . . After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several lords that were there.¹

He was even more scornfully impatient of her dramatic efforts, noting on March 30th of the same year:—

To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called "The Humorous Lovers;" the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her.²

¹ Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S. (Chandos Classics), pp. 391-3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 380.

A little later he repeats that it is—

The most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it, and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to court that so people may come to see her, as if she were the Queen of Sweden.

The duke pleases this captious critic better as a dramatist:—

My wife and I to the duke's play-house where we saw "The Feign Innocence; or, Sir Martin Mar-all," a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly ever was writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit, not fooling.³

At Welbeck the duke established a racecourse, drawing up rules for races to be run every month during six months of the year, and completed his second work on horsemanship,⁴ entitled, "A New Method and Extraordinary Invention to Dress Horses and Work them according to Nature; as also to Perfect Nature by the Subtlety of Art; which was never found out but by the thrice noble, high, and puissant Prince," etc. One might imagine that the duchess wrote the title-page. She and her husband worked together with perfect sympathy and mutual admiration. Some writers have suggested a touch of satire in the duke's high-flown panegyrics on his wife, but remembering the tone of the age, and glancing at the volume of extravagant laudation called "Letters and Poems in Honor of the Incomparable Princess Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle," to which Eth-

³ "Sir Martin Mar-all" was translated by the duke from Molière's "L'Etourdi," and was entered in the "Stationers' Register" in the duke's name, but published in that of Dryden in 1697. Perhaps Pepys would have thought more leniently of "The Humorous Lovers" had he known that that also was by the duke!

⁴ Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors" describes the duke as "a man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced, and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author he is familiar to those who scarce know any other author—from his work on horsemanship."

eredge, Sir Kenelm Digby, and many other contemporary writers contributed,¹ and that critics so far removed from her personal influence as Sir Egerton Brydges and Leigh Hunt, all owned her "genius," the aspersion on the duke's good faith seems quite superfluous.

At Welbeck they were surrounded by literary admirers. "The duke had always been so generous a patron of literary men as to have earned the title of 'our English Mæcenas.' I have heard Mr. Waller say that Newcastle was a great patron to Gassendi and Descartes, as well as to Mr. Hobbes, and that he had dined with them all three at his table in Paris."² After his return to England, Dryden, Shadwell, and Flecknoe, each dedicated plays or poems to him or the duchess, and dedications in those days were expensive compliments.

The duchess on her part surrounded herself with a sort of staff of secretaries :—

Being now restored to the sunshine of prosperity, she dedicated her time to writing poems, philosophical discourses, orations, and plays. She was of a generous turn of mind, and kept a great many young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of them slept in a room contiguous to that in which her Grace lay, and were ready at the call of her bell, to rise any hour of the night, to write down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory.³

One of the results of their labors was a romance called "The Blazing World." Recent years have seen many imaginary descriptions not only of this present world as it is to be thousands of years hence, but of mysterious regions in some other planet, realms wholly governed by electricity, lying beneath the seas or floating in the air. Our duchess was certainly one of the

founders, if not the originator, of this class of literature. One can quite imagine the delight she experienced in inventing a world of her own, where no restraint need be laid on her fancy, and the base limitations of possibility were cast aside. Her narrative begins with charming vagueness : "A merchant travelling into a foreign country, fell extremely in love with a young lady," and resolved "to steal her away," which he does when she is gathering shells upon the shore. He conveys her to "a little, light vessel, not unlike a packet-boat, manned with some few seamen and well victualled" — the duchess cunningly mixes some homely matter-of-fact in her romance for the relief of literal-minded readers ; but Heaven, frowning at his theft, raises a tempest which drives the boat to the North Pole, where every one on board is frozen to death amongst the blocks of ice, except the "young lady."⁴ She is rescued by bear and fox-men, who lead her across a plain of ice, after which geese and bird-men, and unpleasant persons of a grass-green complexion, conduct her to paradise, the island seat of the emperor of the Blazing World, so called because his palace is of gold, and its floors of diamonds, whilst between every diamond-studded pillar supporting the roof is an arch of the same brilliant stones. Of course the emperor marries the young lady, and then she begins to educate herself by putting a series of distractingly varied questions to her new subjects—the magpie and jackdaw-men ("her professed orators and logicians," says the author cruelly) ; the spider-men, her mathematicians ; the fly-men and the earth-men—such as whence the saltness of the sea did proceed ; whether fishes possess the circulation of the blood ; how frost is made ; whether gold can be manufac-

¹ It contains one truly descriptive couplet (p. 172) :—

"Whene'er she spoke, the winged crew
Of pretty notions straight about her flew."

² Aubrey's Letters, vol. ii., p. 602.

³ Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, by Theophilus Cibber, and other hands. London, vol. ii., p. 164.

⁴ "It was no wonder that they died," says the duchess gravely. "They were not only driven to the very end or point of the Pole of this world, but even to another Pole of another world which joined close to it" [obviously she pictured them as two good stout sticks], "so that the cold, having a double strength at the conjunction of those two poles, was insupportable."

tured; besides insulting them by a transparent quibble about a supposed relationship between cheese and maggots. They are wonderfully patient. But when she proceeds to theology, they inform her that she must consult the immaterial spirits on such points. She summons them; they appear—"in what shapes or forms I cannot exactly tell," says the duchess, with a wise discretion—and "after some few compliments passed between them," they discourse on faith and reason; the origin of the world; the days of creation; if matter was fluid at first; whether the devil was within the serpent when he tempted Eve, and so on. This is all very well; but when the empress, waxing proud of her newly acquired store of knowledge, proclaims her intention of writing a new "Cabalala," and asks for a spiritual scribe, they strike, and tell her she must send for a human soul, for the excellent reason that they themselves cannot write "except they put on a hand or arm." She proposes to send for Aristotle, Plato, or Epicurus, to which the spirits reply that no doubt they were learned men, but:—

"So wedded to their own opinions that they would never have the patience to be scribes." "Then," said she, "I'll have the soul of one of the most famous modern writers, either Galileo, Descartes, or Hobbes." The spirits say they were fine ingenious writers, but so self-conceited they would scorn to be scribes to a woman. "But," said they, "there's a lady, the Duchess of Newcastle, which, although she is not one of the most learned, eloquent, witty, and ingenious, yet she is a plain and rational writer; the principle of her writings is sense and reason, and she will, without question, be ready to do you all the service she can."¹

So the duchess's obliging soul is sent for, and after a spiritual kiss exchanged between the two ladies they set industriously to work, and the result is the "Blazing World"—a wonderful patchwork of sense and nonsense, wild in-

vention and pearls of wisdom. The duchess's characterization of herself as a "plain and rational" writer is charming.

In "The World's Olio" there are many quaint and graceful thoughts. "Every little fly and every little pebble, and every little flower," she says, "is a tutor in nature's school to instruct the understanding. The four elements are the four great volumes wherein lie nature's works." She strongly advocated temperance. "Every superfluous bit and every superfluous cup is digging a grave to bury life in."²

She theorizes on all subjects, often very fantastically. As to "the madness of musicians," she is kind enough to admit that—

It is not *always* pride, bred by the conceit of their rare art and skill, but by the motion of the music, which is swifter than the ordinary motion of the brain, and by that reason distempers it by increasing the motion of the brain to the motion of the fiddle; which puts the brain so out of tune as it is very seldom tuneable again. And as a ship is swallowed by a whirlpit in the sea, so is reason drowned in the whirlpit of the brain.³

The duchess's poetry, like her prose, is remarkably unequal. Her fairy verses contain exquisite touches, such as the following:—

When I Queen Mab within my fancy viewed,
My thoughts bowed low, fearing I should be rude.

Kissing her garment thin, which fancy made,
I knelt upon a thought, like one that prayed.

In her "Vision of Sorrow" she says:
Her hair untied, loose on her shoulders hung,
And every hair with tears like beads was strung.

Her opening address "to her readers," describing whence she drew her in-

¹ The Description of a New World, called the Blazing World. Written by the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

² And she practised what she preached. In her autobiography she says: "Feasting would agree neither with my humor nor constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing—as a little boiled chicken or the like. And my drink commonly water."

³ The World's Olio, pp. 199-200.

spiration, breathes the tender devotion which glorified all the duke's accomplishments in her faithful eyes : —

A poet I am neither born nor bred,
But to a witty poet married,
Whose brain is fresh and pleasant as the
spring
Where fancies grow and where the muses
sing.
There oft I lean my head, and listening,
hark,
To catch his words and all his fancies
mark.
And from that garden show of beauties
take
Whereof a posy I in verse may make.
Thus I, that have no gardens of my own,
There gather flowers that are newly blown.¹

Quaintly imaginative are her long dialogues between "Man and Nature ;" "The Body and the Mind ;" "Earth and Darkness," where Darkness tells the Earth, "I take you in my gentle arms of rest," to sleep "in beds of silence soft ;" "A Bountiful Knight and a Castle ruined in War," where, when the pipes were cut —

The water, murmuring,
Ran back with grief to tell it to the spring.
But she has the defects of her qualities. She runs riot in similes, which not only weary but often provoke by their fantastic incongruity. Thus, Death is called "the cook of Nature ;" the Polar circles are "Nature's bracelets ;" the grass makes her stockings ; gold and silver mines her shoes ; for her breakfast —

Life skims the cream of beauty with Time's
spoon,
And draws the claret wine of blushes soon!

Mr. Jenkins appreciatively sums up her powers when he says that her books contain —

Indisputable evidences of a genius as high-born in the realms of intellect as its possessor was exalted in the ranks of society : a genius strong-winged and swift, fertile and comprehensive, but ruined by deficient culture, by literary dissipation and the absence of concatenation and the sense of proportion.²

¹ Poems and Fancies. By the Rt. Hon. the Lady Newcastle. London, 1653.

² The Cavalier and his Lady, p. 8.

At the close of her autobiography the duchess deprecates the censure of readers who will scornfully ask —

"Why hath this lady writ her own life, since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred or what fortunes she had, or what humor or disposition she was of?" I answer that it is true that 'tis of no purpose to the reader, but it is to the authoress. I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge ; not to please the fancy but to tell the truth, lest after ages should mistake in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester in Essex, and second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle : for my lord having had two wives I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my lord marry again.

This seems a curious anticipation to have crossed the mind of a wife more than thirty years her husband's junior. But it was doubly fulfilled. The duchess died in January, 1673-4, and Sir Egerton Brydges points out that, although the duke gave her no successor, that *répertoire* of curiosities of literature, the "Lounger's Commonplace-Book," confused her with the first wife, calling her "the daughter of William Bassett, Esq."

The duke survived her three years. How lonely must have seemed the learned seclusion, the "innocent magnificence" of Welbeck, without the faithful and admiring wife who, in all her flights of fancy, had never even imagined that she loved another ; who had made him her hero of romance in the radiance of her youth and beauty ; and who, in the prime of life, and when surrounded by all the temptations of rank and luxury, found constant occupation and delight in recording his career and chronicling his sayings !

They rest together now in Westminster Abbey, the "Loyal Duke," and his "wise, witty, and learned Lady . . . a most virtuous, loving, and careful wife." And if few out of the thousands who glance at the inscription on their stately monument know how unwontedly true is its commendation,

that need not vex their spirits. The duke's memory lives in his wife's pages; and the ambition to which the duchess pleaded guilty¹ may be fully satisfied. Such a tribute as this from Charles Lamb is in itself sufficient literary immortality: "Where a book is at once both good and rare; where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes —

We know not where is that Promethean spark

That can its light relumine —
such a book, for instance, as the "Life of the Duke of Newcastle," by his duchess — no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to house and keep safe such a jewel."²

¹ "I fear my ambition inclines to vainglory. For I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, nor power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fame's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages."

² Essays of Elia. (Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.) Moxon, edit. 1867, p. 41.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ASPECTS OF TENNYSON.

AS THE POET OF EVOLUTION.

IN the essay upon "Tennyson as a Nature Poet," contributed by me to this series,¹ restrictions of space made it impossible for me to touch upon the poet's relations to nature as she now stands revealed to us by the new cosmogony of growth. This, I feel, made my study of the subject incomplete. For, in criticising Tennyson, it is, of course, necessary to remember that his life, though beginning in the early years of the present century, extended into its latest decade. It was his privilege to see the time which Wordsworth prophesied and never saw — the greatest time the world has yet known, when science, in exercising a power mightier than that of all the fabled wands of all the fabled magicians of old, has in very truth lent "a new seeing" to human eyes. "If," said Wordsworth in the preface to the second edition of his poems,

¹ LIVING AGE, No. 2557, p. 28.

the labors of the men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

That he who wrote these words so little heeded once, so golden now, was debarred from seeing the time he thus prophesied, a time when to the student of nature, and the nature poet, the mere act of living is a joy, was a loss not to him only; it was a loss to the human race. For, deep as was Tennyson's love of nature, it was not a passion so absorbing as Wordsworth's. What might not he for whom there was in very truth "a spirit in the woods," he who could draw

Even from the meanest flower that blows
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears —

what might not he have done to make the marvels of this new cosmogony as precious to the heart of man as it is to man's intelligence? If a flower was a fascinating and a beloved thing to him who believed, what we now know to be literally true, that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes," what would that same flower have been to him if he could have spent, as the humblest student of Nature can now spend, an entire morning over a single blossom,

tracing its ancestry step by step, while the surrounding floras and faunas which the flower's ancestors knew would have passed before the eyes of the poet's delighted imagination, lapping his soul in a dream of wonder and beauty such as it was not given to him to know? Standing upon the chalk cliffs that look across the Channel, Wordsworth, had he lived in our time, would still have been blest with all the proud visions that blessed him as a patriotic poet; he would still have seen as Tennyson saw Drake, still have seen Blake, sweeping the green waves free of their country's foes; but also he would have been blessed with sights undreamed of by poets of his time. He would have seen as Tennyson saw the wonderful pictures of the chalk formations — pictures called up by the white and gleaming bastions of the coast; he would have read as Tennyson read the story of the deposit of those minute shells, to count which by millions instead of units would require more centuries than in his time were supposed to have elapsed since the world arose out of chaos. Gazing at the patch of stars reflected in the beloved mirror of Windermere, he would have felt all the rapture he used to feel at their unspeakable loveliness, but also he would have felt the still higher rapture which Tennyson felt when gazing at the stars from Aldworth or Farringford — the rapture of knowing that the illimitable universe is all made of the same simple elements as those around us here, as proved by the spectroscope, and that consequently life is probably everywhere. Thoughts would have come to him as they came to Tennyson that, among the billions of orbs revolving around the millions of suns, there are probably other planets inhabited by reasoning beings, between us and whom there is this sublime interest in common: we have the selfsame book to read — the book of nature. He would have felt that, if the quaint fancy about the canal-makers in Mars were really more than a quaint fancy, they, though they would have no knowledge of much of the intellectual

wealth we prize most — though they would be as ignorant of "The Excursion" as of the doctrines of the latest fervid political and social reformer who looks upon his parochial reforms as the final cause of the existence of an infinite universe — they would have a greater book than even "The Excursion" to read or the blue-books of the English Parliament — they would have, in common with the human race, the book of the starry heavens. Not but that Wordsworth was, by the power of mere instinct, if not of knowledge, more in touch with nature than was any other man in the England of his time. The only other human soul on this planet that loved nature better than he was that of Dorothy, his sister, that sister of whom it is impossible for any student of nature to think or speak without emotion. None but these two knew what it is so easy now to know, that the truest nature-poet is not necessarily he who can most faithfully render nature as a picture, nor even he who can depict nature as a great interpreter of man's soul, but he who can confront her as she exists apart from the human story, as she existed when man was but a far-off dream of hers. Many a lovely verse of Wordsworth's shows that he knew this, and I long to quote some of them here, but must not. Yet, with all his passion for nature, so enslaved by authority of antiquated tradition was the poetic art of his time that Wordsworth spent his long life among the Lakes, thinking that he could hold true converse with nature and still remain comparatively ignorant of the rudiments of natural science even under the system of Linnaeus. And here I come upon that which troubles every Wordsworthian who is also an evolutionist: as regards the vitality of nature-poetry based upon the old knowledge, how long will it last? Is the lovely poetry of "The Excursion," "The Prelude," etc., to become antiquated and unsatisfactory? Upon whatsoever cosmogony built, great poetry which deals with man's life is likely to be immortal; there seems to be a perennial vitality in

poetry whose material is human passion and human conduct. Yes—though in a large degree conduct, and in some degree passion, are and must be based upon man's conception of nature—his conception of what kind of universe he finds himself in—poetry, which faithfully depicts man at any given period, will surely survive; until the very structure of man's mind has undergone changes so vast that they cannot be confronted by the most vigorous cosmic imagination of our own period, such poetry, I say, will surely survive. But the first business of the nature-poet is with the great mother herself, to whom man, with all his passions and aspirations, was once a pleasant dream of the future; to whom man, with all his passions and aspirations will some day be a dream, pleasant or otherwise, of the past.

Not, of course, that any poet could pass into the temper of Darwin, to whom the proper study of mankind was nature.

There is a danger to some of the various faculties of man in a too close and exclusive study of nature—a study which is so fascinating that it may well tend in some degree to isolate the student's soul from the heart of man. For the bond of brotherhood seems to widen till at last it takes in not only the higher animals, but all the members of the animal kingdom—takes in even the vegetable world, whose grand and mysterious function it is to turn inorganic matter into organic life. The mind of the student of nature is apt to form the habit of looking upon human life as a spectacle, as a tragi-comedy acted in a dream, amusing at one moment, saddening at the next, and as evanescent as the picture the moon looked down upon during the ages that produced the coal formations. Original temperament, however, has no doubt a good deal to do with this mood; if the study of nature had this effect upon Darwin, leading him to turn away from poetry altogether, its effect upon another great naturalist—perhaps the widest and strongest intelligence now in the world—seems to have been of

an entirely different kind, judging from his recent discussion of the great subject of man in relation to the cosmic process.

Here, as in my previous essay, I leave all living poets undiscussed. Tennyson among foremost poets was not only the first, but the only one, to see that the birth of the new cosmogony was the birth of an entirely new epoch, an entirely new chapter in the human story. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in America, and the parable-writer, Dr. Gordon Hake, showed (as has been pointed out by Mr. Earl Hodgson in his preface to "The New Day" of the last-mentioned poet) a recognition of the dawn, but neither of these poets achieved distinction. Tennyson was the first to foresee that the effect upon pure literature worked by this great revolution in the history of the human mind contained within itself the seeds of a universal revolt against the dominance of all the old tyrannies along all the old lines of thought—a revolt compared with which that of the French Revolution against the *ancien régime* was as insignificant as the revolt of provincial children in a provincial school.

No doubt it was not wholly his wide-eyed intelligence that made him the most advanced of nineteenth-century poets. During a large portion of his life he lived at a time when the fire-balloon of the French Revolution had burnt itself out and left the "advanced thinkers" and the "advanced poets" without a luminary. Meantime nature, who had been yearning to grow an organism capable of turning round and looking at her with eyes that could guess at her dreams, had grown at last Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and Huxley.

In so far as the French Revolution was anything more than a revolt of the Third Estate against the burden of *corvées* and feudal dues—a revolt which might never have grown into a great revolution had the harvest of 1788 been fat instead of lean—its heart-thought was that of the *Contrat Social*. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that the

central sophism of Rousseau's book, the sophism which vitalized the literature of the French Revolution, and has been the foundation, in some form or another, of so much of the "advanced" literature of the nineteenth century, is about as far removed from the new epoch as though it had been formulated by Hesiod, or by whatsoever poet it was who gave us the "Theogony." Indeed, the latest commentator upon that poem, Mr. W. F. Cornish, has actually been just telling us that the title *Θεογονία* does not properly mean "the generation or origin of the gods," but the "being begotten of or by gods," and "a consideration of the process according to which man gets to being god-begotten." If he is right in this fancy of his, the message to the human race of the *Θεογονία* is actually nearer to the new cosmogony of growth than Rousseau's resuscitation of sophisms that were hoary before ever Genesis was written. For, instead of saying with Rousseau and the French Revolutionists that "man was born free and is everywhere in chains," the new teaching says that man is yet scarcely born at all.

Man as yet is being made, and ere the
crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch
him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the
races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly
gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their
voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finish'd.
Man is made."

If this is, indeed, the true voice of the new epoch, may it not be safely affirmed that, compared with the writing of many of the latest of our "advanced thinkers," the twelfth-century Arabian novel, by Abubekr-ibn-Tofail, in which the development of man from the lower animals was taught, is already in spirit quite a modern work?

With regard to pure literature, the difference between a cosmogony of evolution and any and all the systems

of the universe that have preceded it is so fundamental that the phrase "modern literature" must next century have an entirely different meaning from what it has hitherto borne; the ancient or mythological literature of the Western world, which began with the Homeric poems, will be considered to have closed with the decade preceding that in which literature accepted as its heart-thought the doctrine of the new epoch—that of nature's growth.

For so soon as the popular imagination has entirely accepted the idea that the emancipation of man, so far as it has at present gone, has been an emancipation from the chains of "ape and tiger," rather than from the chains of maleficent gods and miscreant kings, or of that composite ogre of many-million-man-power called Society—so soon as it has entirely accepted the idea that man, everywhere *born* in chains, is only just beginning to shake them off—then, of course, the more "advanced" is any poet whose system is in harmony with the advanced ideas of the French Revolution, the more antiquated will his work seem. Upon several occasions it was my privilege to converse with Tennyson upon this most interesting subject. One of these occasions lives in my memory with an especially vigorous life. I had been endeavoring to support the thesis that among past English poets Shakespeare was the only one who by instinct sympathized with the temper of the new epoch now dawning. I had been saying that Shakespeare, having learnt as much as he could learn of the terrene drama, in which man plays undoubtedly the leading part, having learnt all that he could learn in an exhaustive study of man in London, went down to Stratford-on-Avon to learn as much as the imperfect science of his time would allow him to learn from the coney and squirrels and dappled deer of the Warwickshire woods; that, although it is manifestly pardonable in any poet to take too seriously the human race, a race for whose ears his rhymes are made, it was only on occasion that Shakespeare fell into the mistake of

over-estimating this or that social structure of man's in a universe where there is so much of the wonderful. I had been saying that, save at moments when the impulse of his dramatic imagination was upon him, he never fell into the mistake into which poets like Shelley and Hugo and other high-minded dreamers are apt to fall—the mistake of supposing that the universe is so entirely enclosed in man that the little economies of one nation or parish are of greatly more importance than the little economies of another nation or parish, whether the nation or parish be composed of Englishmen, of Irishmen, of Caucones, or of Zamzummin—the mistake of supposing that nature who teaches the ant “there's no laboring in winter”—nature who takes as deep an interest in the work of

The singing masons building roofs of gold as ever she took in the work of human masons, even of those mighty workers who built Westminster Abbey—is so deeply concerned with the doings of man that the stars have to be neglected. The moment the wings of his imagination were folded for rest his philosophical intellect resumed its sway, and although there was no scientific doctrine of evolution to enlighten him, he by many a gird at the “fool of nature” seems to have known that man, notwithstanding all the nobility of his spiritual side, is on the other side “the paragon of animals” highly developed by circumstances over which he had only partial control; seems to have known that although in many things the social economies in which man moves are superior to those of the bees, they are not so in all ways; and that it is when we study the royalties and aristocracies of other gregarious animals which are entirely functional, rational, and philosophic, it is when we study the economies of a beehive, that the humor of man's civilization softens its pathos and its tragedy. The way in which Tennyson then began to speak of the littleness of all human ambition confronted by the workings of infinite nature, the way in which he told me

that the only thing which threatened to paralyze his artistic function was the overwhelming revelation of astronomy, is so vigorously impressed on my memory that as I recall it here I seem to smell the very perfume of the sun-warmed heather trod out by our feet; I seem to see the luxuriant, basking ferns, and that favorite hound of his leaping through them, making little dusty whirlwinds as he moved; I seem to hear the birds in the bushes too.

It was then that I saw clearly what I had long guessed, that he belonged to that class of poets who by temperament are progressive, as truly progressive, perhaps, as those fervid ones who followed the French Revolution, belonged to that class of poets who, having in some cases the knowledge, in other cases the instinct, to see how slow as well as how long has been man's upward movement towards his present position, and how slow and how long probably will be his upward movement in the future, do not consider change and progress to be convertible terms, and do not consider the ideals of any particular civilization—Assyrian, Babylonian, Hellenic, Chinese, English, French, or German—to be absolute and final, but only relative to the particular civilization itself.

I saw, in short, that he was one of those philosophical poets who, studying the present by the light of the past, and finding that all civilization is provisional, do not look upon every change in the social structure as being necessarily mischievous, yet who see that every new scheme of society which the doctrinaire formulates fails to strike at human nature down to the roots; see that round every human fibre are woven the old sophisms which originally aided in man's development have been keeping him back for ages—the sophisms which are the basis not only of every civilization, but of almost every Utopian dream, from Plato to Sir Thomas More and Campanella.

At a time so revolutionary as this, when it seems to be impossible to find the proper place of any thinker without first inquiring as to the standpoint from

which he confronts nature, any poet's position as a thinker, advanced or otherwise, is perhaps difficult to find and fix. But if the greatest intelligence is that which sees clearly that many forms of civilization by exaggerating their own importance dwarf the soul, and set the edicts of some fugitive convention above the absolute sanctions of nature—if, I say, the greatest intelligence is that which confronts with the widest eyes, not only the human drama, but the universe, may not the ideas of this kind of thinker upon man, his place in the order of things, and his final destiny be so truly wide and therefore so truly advanced as to seem reactionary in the view of many a sociologist and many a politician who so far as concerns the special social and political structure in which he himself moves is considered to be in the van?

It is generally in youth that in discussing social questions we are inclined to treat society as an artificial mechanism rather than as an organic growth governed by inexorable laws and advancing to a completer organism slowly step by step. It is then that we are apt to think we can turn man suddenly into something rich and strange—turn him in a single generation—even as certain ingenious experimentalists turned what nature meant for a land-salamander into a water-salamander with new ruddertail, and gills instead of lungs, and feet suppressed, by feeding him with water-food in oxygenated water, and cajoling his functions. As we get more experience we learn that man's functions are not to be so coaxed and cajoled into an unhealthy precocity. We learn as we grow older that, although man does really seem to be Nature's prime favorite among all her children (though we find it hard to guess why) even she, with all her power, finds it difficult to force him—that she is ever pointing to man and saying, "A poor thing, but mine own; I shall do something with him some day, but I must not try to force him." Yet it was as a comparatively young man that Tennyson read the calm

method of nature and time in emancipating man:—

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.

Whatever were Tennyson's passing moods, this seems to have been his permanent temper—the temper of Shakespeare apparently and of Goethe certainly. And no doubt the doctrine of evolution accentuated this temper within him. For to a certain degree he has become the voice of the new epoch. Although the dawn of this epoch was foreshadowed as far back as the publication of Lamarck—nay, as far back as the times of Robinet and De Maillet—no English poet of the great poetic revival showed any consciousness of it.

That Wordsworth, after uttering the splendid prophecy given above, should have rested content with a knowledge of nature such as his writings show; that Coleridge, with all his studies of and borrowings from Schelling, should never have seen that Schelling's system, like that of all the transcendentalists from Kant downwards, was one of pure evolution; that with all Coleridge's vague inquiries into the principle of life he did not see that the French biologists were moving, though along opposite paths, in the same direction as the transcendentalists, shows how difficult it is for even high genius to get beyond the accepted cosmogony of its own age.

These two great poets, beating the same foggy air in the same dark old wood, were, as regards any true knowledge of nature—as revealed by the cosmogony of growth—behind Shelley, whom, as a thinker, they despised; for Shelley does seem to have had some inkling of evolution, judging from the following passage, where he

alludes to the immense lever power of articulate speech in developing the brain of man. No doubt it is a curious utterance, a strange mixture of the doctrine of man's degeneracy as being the result of original sin and the doctrine of evolution.

Having rejected the cosmogony which affirms that man's first disobedience brought death into the world, the cosmogony of Genesis and of "Paradise Lost," Shelley could still find it in his heart to charge man with having originated for the lower animals all the ills which have flowed from the knowledge of good and evil. Still, it shows that his imagination, if not his reason, was answering to certain vibrations of thought moving in the air of his time.

Man and animals whom he has infected with his society, or depraved by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the mouflon, the bison, and the wolf are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog are subject to an incredible variety of distempers, and, like the corrupters of their natures, have physicians who thrive upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is, like Satan's, the supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease, and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event that, by enabling him to communicate his sensations, raised him above the level of his fellow animals.

In Germany there was Goethe, to be sure, who, while Wordsworth was struggling in the meshes of what John Sterling called a "High Church Pantheism," and Coleridge was intoning marvellous sermons on the logos, was catching glimpses of the morning that has since dawned. While, superficially, the poetry of the great German often seems informed by the spirit of dead mythologies, it has only to be probed beneath the surface and the budding of the new epoch is seen, as underneath the loosened leaves of autumn may be seen the germs of the coming spring, even before the winter has set in.

Such was the state of things when Tennyson began to write. Hence, to gauge the virility of his intellect, as

well as the value of his poetry, it is necessary to remember what in England was the meaning of the word "nature," and what was the meaning of the word man in relation to the universe, when he was a youth.

Although Lamarck's "Philosophie Zoologique" was published in Paris in the year of Tennyson's birth, there were very few people in England who, during many years afterwards, took it seriously; and it may, perhaps, be affirmed that such ideas of evolution as were blindly moving about in the air of English thought were connected, not with biology at all, but with astronomy. In the nebular theory there had been always, since Laplace's time, an interest. But it was not till 1833 that any English poet, or, indeed, any worker in pure literature, saw its importance as indicating a new standpoint for human thought, or, indeed, gave it any consideration at all. In a footnote to "The Palace of Art," published in that year, appeared the superb stanzas which, owing to the idle gibes of an "indolent reviewer," have disappeared from Tennyson's poems:—

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like
swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

Is circled by the other, etc.

No poet having the *littérateur's* knowledge, and nothing beyond, would have written these stanzas; and yet for mere poetic beauty they may be compared with those stanzas of Victor Hugo's in "Les Contemplations," beginning:—

Nuits, serez-vous pour nous toujours ce que
vous êtes ?

which are almost as divine as Dante's own whenever he talks of the stars.

It is not surprising, therefore, that from this time forward signs appear now and again in Tennyson's poetry of the deep and skilled attention he was giving to this science. This is never obtruded, but it appears in such lines as

There sinks the nebulous star we call the
Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

Those three stars of the airy Giant's zone.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to
the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro'
the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a
silver braid.

The image of the fire-flies in the last of these lines, recalling that of the "bee-like swarms" in the "Palace of Art," is as wonderful for its accuracy of description as for its beauty. Indeed, Tennyson's allusions to the starry heavens have the beauty of poetry and the beauty of scientific truth.

No doubt in Dante's allusions we get the same blending of poetry with knowledge, but then the knowledge at his command was ignorance.

Years went on, and Lamarck's speculations in biology began, by the aid of the two Saint-Hilaires and the author of the "Vestiges," to spread in this country, but against angry opposition. Lyell's "Principles of Geology," unconsciously to its author, or rather, judging from certain passages in the book, against the author's wish, had no doubt aided the French biologists in filling the atmosphere of England, not so much with ideas of a new cosmogony, as with a nebulous feeling that must needs crystallize into ideas.

That a poet should have read a meaning into a great geologist's treatise the true meaning which the geologist who wrote the book failed to read, is quite as marvellous as the case of Goethe, where the poet gave the biologists lessons in their own science. The *Quarterly Review* for March, 1832, in a

review of the second volume of Lyell's "Principles" reproducing those strictures upon the "Philosophie Zoologique" which Lyell lived to repent, says that the great Frenchman has "given us a history of the gradations by which nature has ascended from the lowest step of organic life to the production of man, which it is not easy to repeat with a grave face."

Indeed, in the history of English thought there is no more suggestive chapter than that which deals with this period.

Sometimes on a spring morning, when the sun is trying to declare himself, and the earth seems covered with a kind of golden mist, in which his baffled beams are arrested and held in suspense, the leaves of a tall tree here and there will seem to catch and condense the floating particles of luminous vapor and glitter with the coming light of day.

So it was in England at that time in regard to the nebulous realms of the great truth of our century floating in the air—an intellectual tree here and a tree there would seem to catch and concentrate the scattered rays of the coming day, and make a kind of morning of its own.

Of these light-gathering trees in pure literature there were one or two, but in poetry there was, among poets who had made their mark, Tennyson alone. It was not till 1859 that the sun finally broke through the mist, the sun proclaimed by Darwin and by Wallace. Meantime, however, "In Memoriam" had appeared in 1850:—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!

There where the long street roars hath
been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow

From form to form, and nothing stands;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,

Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

Many angry things have been said about Carlyle, and not unjustly, on account of these words of his upon Darwin's "Origin of Species":—

Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind ; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it.

But among all the workers in pure literature who lived in England at that time, Tennyson and George Eliot were the only two among writers who were prominently before the public who grasped its tremendous human import. Tennyson did not use it as a foundation for artistic work, but his consciousness of the new epoch is always apparent.

Pascal tells us that there are two extremes, "to exclude reason and to admit only reason." Passing into the latter extreme George Eliot's fine intellect became baffled. Tennyson's became strengthened.

The greatness of Tennyson is seen not merely in the readiness with which he confronted the teaching of science, but also in the temper with which he received it. For at first it is hard indeed for a poet to accept any theory that seems (as the doctrine of evolution at first seemed) to be materialistic. The finer the nature the more certain is it to be rendered miserable by a materialistic theory of life, as we see in the case of George Eliot. The materialistic cosmogony she received, or thought she received, from the earlier evolutionists acting upon a nature so generous and sympathetic as hers was sure to induce pessimism, but sure to induce a pessimism finer and nobler than the optimism of most other people.

Walking side by side with Tennyson towards the new epoch, she halted hopeless while Tennyson walked on. She stood appalled before that apparent wickedness of nature which Tennyson boldly confronted.

"So careful of the type?" but no,
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone :
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death :
The spirit does but mean the breath :
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

Yet it was George Eliot's peculiar glory that, accepting the fact, so terrible at first to the idealist's mind, that the heart-thought of the universe is war, she was not driven thereby to noisy revolt against those sanctities of the soul which are truer than all science ; she devoted herself to that "relief of man's estate" which, according to Bacon, is the goal of all man's best endeavor, she simply felt impelled to illuminate the teaching of science by the halo of that great religion of benevolence upon which is based all which is of worth in all the creeds. She felt and she taught that, even if nature is indeed as immortal and pitiless as she seems, our one defence against that wickedness is to band together against the common enemy, and that, in order to band together, we must be good. In a word, she passed into the temper of Buddhism, the temper which impels the thinker to say, There is no God to love and watch over you ; therefore love and watch over each other.

But of the new cosmogony George Eliot knew at once too much and too little. Had she lived either in the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge, or at the present moment, when Tennyson's larger hope is taking shape in the public mind, it might have been well for her. But, like James Thomson, she was without Tennyson's indomitable faith in a spiritual force in nature,

that spiritual force which physical science herself seems now to be unconsciously revealing. For let it never be forgotten that, although Tennyson confronted evolution before ever Darwin and Wallace had spoken, nay, even before that famous note to Spencer's *Westminster Review* essay, "The Social Organism," which seems to have been the bud of so magical a blossom, he had sturdy views of his own upon it. He never did confront the question from the standpoint of Darwin, nor scarcely even from that of the sub-Darwinians, who are in some degree revising Darwin's system, but from a standpoint entirely his own. He spurned the materialism which at first seemed to all thinkers inseparable from the idea of evolution; he found for himself the hope which science seems within the last decade to be disclosing; the hope that the spiritual force called life — the maker of organism, and not the creature of organism, as the earlier evolutionists except Wallace supposed it to be — may, after all, be a something outside the material world, a something which uses the material world as a means of phenomenal expression.

And this was before our English biologists in their noble passion for truth declined to follow Haeckel and the Germans; before they, by refusing to burke the fact that biogenesis is the law, placed materialism further back than ever by showing by positive experiment that organism is the result of life, not life of organism.

He saw as clearly then as when he wrote "Crossing the Bar" that what is real is the *noumenon*, that what is false and illusory is the *phenomenon* — that poetry and love, and beauty and noble endeavor, have never been evolved from molten granite or fire-mist — that, notwithstanding all apparent contradictions, the universe without a preponderance of good over evil could not work at all; that in the deepest sense goodness and absolute life are indeed synonymous terms; and that if this is not fully shown now, it must be fully shown some day.

This, then, is the special glory of Tennyson as a poetical thinker. "He spiritualized Evolution and brought it into Poetry."

He took the doctrine that the *Principium hylarchicum* of the universe is what the greatest poet now among us calls "the rhythmic anguish of growth," and with it confronted, or nobly tried to confront, the great enigma of being, the problem of problems, to solve which all mythologies, all cosmogonies, were constructed, the existence of evil. What Pascal said about the danger of proving to man too plainly how nearly he is on a level with the brute creation without also showing him his greatness, is what Tennyson put concretely in "In Memoriam," when he said: —

Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

No doubt the following words "by an Evolutionist" are to be taken dramatically, as are certain other such utterances: —

The Lord let the house of a brute to the
soul of a man,
And the man said "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord — "Not yet: but make it as
clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

I.

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the
sun of a morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds,
and in my stable,
Youth and Health, and birth and wealth,
and choice of women and of wines?

II.

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age,
save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had passed in the morning that
looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that
was linkt with thee eighty years back,
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven
that hangs on a star.

I.

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

II.

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

Still I cannot but think that already Tennyson's spiritualizing of the *idée mère* of the new epoch has been fruitful of great results. To say nothing of the beautiful writings of the great co-discoverer with Darwin of nature's true methods of work, I have just been reading a report of Professor Drummond's American lectures on evolution, in which, after luminously popularizing the latest results of embryology, showing that, although the human body is an epitome of the entire history of animal life from the earliest forms, it has now reached a stage which, to us, seems nearly perfection, he suggests that such useless survivals of lower forms of life as still remain, survivals which are often dangerous causes of disease and suffering, are analogous to the survivals of "ape and tiger" in the soul, and even dreams that in both cases the problem of evil may eventually be solved by "the rhythmic anguish of growth, the motion of mutable things."

We may at least suppose, that if upon the doctrine of evolution such a cosmogony is ever to be built as can fully satisfy not only the intelligence of man but his soul, it will be upon some such a central thought as that enunciated in so many of Tennyson's lines. We may be permitted to suppose this I say. But assuredly it is we of this great time who especially

ought to know that, as our dead master says:—

Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abyss.

It is we who must needs accept all theories of the universe as provisional. As to what the twentieth century, loosened as it will be from so many shackles of the past, may have to say to a poet so late and so great as even Tennyson, that is a question which we can only leave "on the knees" of *Natura Benigna*.

For, notwithstanding his remarkable instinct for keeping himself abreast of the thought of his time—nay, as a result of that instinct—the Chinese aphorism, "A man is more like the time in which he lives than he is like his father and mother," applies in a somewhat special degree to Tennyson, and no one can say what is going to be the *idée mère* of the thought of the twentieth century.

Whether the failure of all teleological poetry to become adequate to the cosmogony of its time has hitherto been owing to the very nature of the poetic function, is a question which can only be asked—not answered. The special glory of the poet is that to him abstractions become concretions, tangible and beautiful, while concretions themselves become to him more concrete than they are to others.

Now the very foundation of every cosmogony, upon which rests every religion, is in the deepest sense metaphysics; for all metaphysical inquiry is simply the result of the mind's refusal to take for granted ontological facts, howsoever obvious, till their existence has been proved by the light of intelligence. If we bear this in mind, that beneath every mythological elephant, upon whose back has ridden every religion of the ancient and modern world, is metaphysics, the very tortoise which the poets have been making a butt for ages, certain marvellous pictures of the animal upon the unseen reptile's back which have been limned

by certain poets will not so greatly surprise us.

This seems to add interest to the question whether Tennyson will become the voice of the new epoch; for a feature of his genius is the way in which perfect concreteness of method is combined with that metaphysical power which, as we have just been seeing, is absent from most poets. This is perhaps one especial point in which he is comparable with Shakespeare.

To both poets the noumenal side of the universe and the phenomenal seem to have been present at the same moment. Outside Shakespeare there is nothing so concrete, so absolutely sensuous, as the poetry of Tennyson, unless it be that of Keats; and outside Shakespeare there is seen no such power of actualizing metaphysical dreams as is seen in such a passage as this from "The Ancient Sage:"—

More than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs,
the limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no shade
of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with
ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in
words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

The grand simplicity of Tennyson's character made it impossible for him ever to pose as a prophet; yet as regards the new epoch a prophet he was. If there is any truth and if there is any vitality in the great heart-thought of that epoch, the noble words of Matthew Arnold are surely more applicable to Tennyson's work than to the work of any one of his contemporaries. "The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay."

THEODORE WATTS.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE BANDITTI OF CORSICA.

THE vendetta is a thing of the past, the railways have abolished the banditti. Such was the very erroneous idea with which we started for Corsica.

In the first place, the railways are not completed. The line that is to skirt the eastern coast has at present got no further than Ghisonaccia. It has no other interest for the traveller than as the speediest way of crossing a pestiferous series of marshes which it is desirable to get over as quickly as possible.

The second railway, from Bastia to Ajaccio, is as interesting as the other is dull. It charges the very backbone of the rocky isle, now bravely breasting the mountain-side, now doubling back upon itself as it follows the sinuosities of the valley; anon plunging underground, reappearing, leaping with bold arch from crag to crag, or, on airy viaduct, stepping daintily across some mountain ravine. There is still, however, a gap (of four or five hours by road) between Corte and Vizzavona. There the Monte d'Oro has planted his mighty foot, and for ten long years the human insect has been burrowing beneath, in the endeavor to force a passage.

It is true the leaders of the work were in no hurry to complete their task. The climate was agreeable, the pay good. Upon the Col (or Foce, as it is called), immediately above the tunnel, they erected two or three substantial houses, one of which has since been turned into a delightful little summer hotel, unknown to "Murray," but standing in so glorious a position that it has already become a most attractive and popular resort. Our hostess, Madame Budtz, gave an amusing account of the joyous life led by the engineers. "They had parties of twenty or thirty people staying here all the summer, they had carriages and horses, they danced, they sang! Oh, *ces messieurs* enjoyed themselves!"

It was partly in consequence of these distractions, doubtless, that a grave miscalculation occurred. The tunnel,

having been begun at both ends, the time approached when the two parties should have met underground, and it was only then discovered that they were working on different levels; a mistake involving fresh delay and very serious additional expense. It is estimated that these railways will cost France not less than seventy-five millions, a magnificent gift which Corsica has repaid by fleeing the mother country in every possible manner.

Nor, amidst this general spoliation, have the bandits omitted to claim their share. For Monte d'Oro is pierced with many caves, which for more than half a century have been the resort of one particular family of bandits who have during that period not only been completely successful in evading the law, but are now practically the rulers of all that country-side. As rulers it was imperative that they should assert their power, and the tunnel was therefore placed under interdict until a tribute had been extorted as the price for leaving the works alone. As chiefs of a numerous clan, it was to be expected too that the bandits should do something for their relations. Thus, from time to time, it would be intimated to the engineers that it would be well for them to take such and such a workman into their pay, or dismiss, perchance, an overseer who had made himself obnoxious to one of the family, which intimation, coming from such a source, it would have been by no means prudent to disregard.

To return for a moment to the Hotel Monte d'Oro (or de la Foce, as it is generally called). In the month of September last there were staying in the house M. Levis (the president or chief judge of Ajaccio), President Levis Ramolino (of Corte), and M. Cadella Baye, premier president of Bastia (that is, chief justice of the only court of appeal throughout the island). I mention these names because, owing to an incident presently to be related, the conversation turned frequently upon banditism, and it will be seen that I have at least the highest legal authority in Corsica for many of the facts about

to be related, together with confirmation of certain further details which I have culled from the works of Gregorovius, Prince Napoleon, Paul Bourde, and Prosper Merimée.

On the morning of September 21st, 1892, I was writing in my room upstairs, when a tap was heard at the door, and Madame Budtz entered with a face of mystery and excitement. "Madame," she whispered, "would you like to see the most famous bandit in Corsica?" "Who is he?" I asked, temporizing, with some slight doubt as to the desirability of accepting such a proposal. "It is Antoine Bellacoscia," said madame, "the great Bellacoscia himself! Why, his name is as famous in Corsica almost as that of Napoleon Buonaparte! He is the *Doyen*, the patriarch of all the bandits in the island. Forty years he has been in the *macchi*,¹ living there (pointing out of the window), in the caves of Monte d'Oro." "And what made him take to the *macchi*?" "The vendetta! he had killed several people." "Indeed! And now he is in custody?"

"Oh, dear no! *He is sitting out there in the garden.*"

"It is true," cried Madame Budtz (who is of Danish origin), in answer to my gesture of astonishment, "such a thing could happen nowhere but in Corsica! We have here in the house three judges, the prefect, M. Chose, the distinguished advocate, and M. Arena, the deputy for Corsica at Paris, the famous journalist, the most powerful man in the island, one who will be governor, prime minister — *enfin*, that which is your Lord Salisbury. . . . And Bellacoscia comes back, right into the middle of all these people, and *Monsieur Arena has invited him to dinner!*" "He's come back? . . . From where? . . . I do not understand." "Well, it seems that after ten years, by French law, he could not be touched for the murders; Bellacoscia knew this,

¹ The *macchi* is the local name for the tree heath, *arbutus*, and other undergrowth of the forest and hillside. Thus when a man is in hiding upon the mountains, he is said to have "taken to the *macchi*."

and so determined to give himself up. But he did not know that there is another old law which orders that the assassin shall not remain in the country wherein his victims were slain. So the judges banished him to Marseilles. You may think what it was to a man accustomed for forty years to a mountain life, to find himself in a stifling, hot, crowded city like Marseilles! In August too! . . . He heard that Arena was here, so he thought he would come over and see him. And here he is, come to solicit a free pardon, and to get his sentence reversed with leave to return to his native land. All the same, he has broken his ban, and if the gendarmes were to come by, they would have to arrest him, of course." "And are they likely to come?" Madame laid her finger on her shapely nose. "They know he is here well enough, and will take very good care to *keep away*. He has shot more than one of those who have tried to arrest him before now. No! We are all blind! We cannot see him, we know nothing; Monsieur Arena, the judges, they are all the same! But come, madame, and I will show him to you out of this window."

Finding that the invitation did not involve a personal introduction, I willingly followed mine hostess to a sort of housemaid's closet at the back of the house. "There!" cried Madame Budtz, flinging open the window with dramatic effect, "Is it not extraordinary?"

It certainly was a curious scene to look out upon. Beneath the shade of widespreading beeches, their grand silver boles standing forth as an effective setting to the picture, a long dinner-table had been arranged. No coarse homespun or common crockery was there, madame's best glass and china decked the board, and her snowiest tablecloth was spread in anticipation of the bandit's meal. And there the whilom assassin sate, a handsome fellow still, in spite of his sixty-four years, with bright eyes, bronzed cheek, and pointed beard grey by nature, but dyed, on this occasion (with some sim-

ple notion of disguise). Unarmed, to all appearance, with broad felt hat and suit of dark green velveteen, he was the centre of an admiring group who hung upon his words with evident delight; and gradually, as the news of his arrival spread throughout the little hotel, one after another of the guests strolled out to join the party, two ladies (French) took seats at his table and entered into conversation; while Arena himself, a youngish man of distinguished and gentlemanly appearance, stood on the outskirts of the little crowd, elegantly dressed, leaning on his cane, and listening with a smile of benevolent amusement to the lively sallies of his singular guest.

Presently the dinner began; Arena in the post of honor, Bellacoscia on his left. Champagne flowed freely, and the bandit was the life and soul of the company. "With the pistol," he remarked pleasantly to Arena, "I am perhaps not better than you. But put a gun in my hand, and set a pebble rolling from the top of yonder mountain, and if I do not shiver it to pieces as it bounds from rock to rock, I am ready to hand you over any sum you like to name." As we stood half hidden by the shutter, watching (and I sketching) this very curious scene, Madame Budtz gave me the following particulars of Bellacoscia's life, family, and antecedents.

Some four years before the battle of Waterloo a man called Bonelli appeared in the valley of Penticia, driving before him a herd of goats. This valley lies between Vizzavona and Bocagnano (now the next station on the way to Ajaccio), and the two places are about six miles apart. The grazing ground thus invaded by Bonelli belonged of right to the commune, but the Vale of Penticia was rocky and inaccessible, and the mayor did not trouble himself to interfere, so Bonelli was left in possession. His next act was to seduce and carry off to the mountains three sisters, by whom he had no less than eighteen children, who all settled in the neighborhood and had large families in their turn. Thus, in course of

time he became the head of a numerous clan, and the village of Bocagnano is practically peopled with his descendants. This man, Bonelli, was the father of Antoine, now dining under the beech-trees. The name of Bellacoscia (*Belles cuisses*, literally "fine thighs") he acquired from the extraordinary agility he displayed in evading pursuit; and the name has stuck to his two eldest sons, the bandits Antoine and Jaques.

Antoine first took to the *macchi* in 1848. By that time another mayor had arisen "who knew not Joseph," and, as an honest man, disapproving of all irregularities, he attempted to recover for the commune the land which Bellacoscia the First had appropriated. In addition to this he refused to provide Antoine, who had no mind for military service, with a false certificate stating that he had already a brother in the army. Such acts as these were sufficient to constitute the mayor an enemy of the family. Antoine and Martin Bellacoscia therefore went down together and shot him in his own grounds.

In Corsica, when a man has committed a murder, they do not call him an "assassin;" he has simply been "unfortunate." *Il est tombé en malheur*. It so happened that Antoine was in love when this his "misfortune" occurred, and though obliged to take to the *macchi*, he saw no reason why this should interfere with his marriage. The lady's relations, however, thought otherwise, and emphatically refused their consent. Antoine announced that he would shoot any other man who dared aspire to her hand, and this threat, for some time, kept suitors in abeyance; but at last one Marcangeli was found to dare the deed; he was wedded to Jeanne Casati in April, 1850, and in the following June, Bellacoscia killed him, and at once proposed for the widow. Then, terror-struck, the Casatis fled the country, and as Jaques had assisted in the deed, he now also took to the *macchi*. Two or three other men he killed from time to time, but they were gendarmes sent

to capture him, or shepherds who had betrayed his whereabouts, and these murders, as our driver afterwards remarked, were therefore "perfectly reasonable! For the rest he was a good fellow (*un brave homme*), whom everybody liked."

While this story was being told the banquet was going on, and by this time the bandit was standing on his chair, making a speech, and drinking to the health of the ladies.

This was the exciting incident that led the subsequent conversation to the subject of banditism in general, and the Bellacoscias in particular; and many were the tales told of their daring and dexterity. Thus, a party of gentlemen were out shooting on Monte d'Oro, and during their midday repast, one of them, looking up, said: "Why, these must be the very haunts of Bellacoscia; what would I not give to see him!" Like a distant echo a voice replied: "Bellacoscia you will never see, but — *écarter vous un peu!*" (scatter a little!). The gentlemen all rose hastily, a bottle was standing in their midst, a shot was heard, and the cork flew into the air! The two bandits, however, by no means decline to receive visitors who come with proper introductions. Among other illustrious guests they have entertained Arena himself, and the famous novelist Edmond About. According to Paul Bourde, one of them wears a watch presented by a duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the other shoots gendarmes with a gun given him by an English lord.

During the many conversations that followed on kindred subjects, Chief Justice Cadella Baye was the only one of the company who treated the matter seriously, or seemed to regard it otherwise than as a rather excellent joke. "It is a great misfortune," said he, "that these bandits have public opinion on their side. But you must distinguish between the 'bandit' and the 'brigand.' The terms are often used indiscriminately; but there is a very wide difference between them. With the brigand it is a question of money; with the bandit it is one of revenge.

The brigand is bent on plunder; he robs his victim or carries him off to the mountains, not from ill will, but simply with the object of extorting a heavy ransom. The Corsican would scorn to work on these lines. He kills his man because he *hates* him, because he has been injured by him, because he is the enemy of his clan. And then he takes to the *macchi* and becomes a bandit — one, that is, who is under the ‘ban’ of the law.”

The younger Bellacoscia, Jaques, it is said, has a spice of the “brigand” in him too. He has made himself rich at the expense of his neighbors, and is hated as well as feared; but such mercenary crime is extremely rare in Corsica. The mere fact of being an “assassin” is no dishonor at all, and an assassin like Antoine, who has contrived during forty years to kill all his enemies and yet evade the pursuit of justice, is a hero to be respected and admired. Thus when he decided to give himself up, the first thing the gendarmes did was to fall upon his neck and embrace him on both cheeks, in token of amity. His journey to Bastia was a sort of triumphal progress; he was welcomed and congratulated on all sides, and there was but one man in Bastia who did not rush to shake hands with him, and that was the commandant of the fortress.

It is this popularity which has enabled him so long to elude all attempts at capture. On four separate occasions have both Jaques and Antoine been condemned to death *par contumace*. It is true that of late the authorities have tacitly agreed to let them alone. It became somewhat ridiculous to go on condemning to death and imprisonment men who were in such entire enjoyment of both life and liberty. But for many years the gendarmes were constantly on their track, and every sort of device was employed to take them or starve them out. With this idea some thirty of their nearest relations were arrested on the charge of complicity; it was known that they were regularly supplying the Bellacoscias with food. But it was no good; the next-of-kin

took up the pious task, the brigands fared sumptuously every day, and at the end of three months there was nothing for it but to let the thirty out of prison again. On another occasion their flocks were seized, and publicly sold by auction. A few nights later the brothers descended from their rocky home and quietly drove all the animals back again. The imprudent purchasers were not so foolish as to go to the Vale of Penticia in order to reclaim their purchase money.

In one sense the bandit governs by terror, because his safety depends upon it. However popular he may be, he takes care to make it known that anything like treachery will be most certainly avenged; and, as no man can guard himself against a bullet, this knowledge makes it very difficult to obtain a conviction, even though the criminal be taken red-handed in the act. During the elections of 1881, there were sixty people assembled in the public place of Palneca. A certain man, on his way to vote, mounted the steps of the *mairie*. Another man, armed with a gun, stood on some steps just opposite; both, therefore, in full view of the crowd below. The man with the gun took aim and deliberately shot the other through the neck. The judge found it impossible to obtain a single deposition. The sixty witnesses had no mind to get into trouble with either the assassin or his family, and even the wounded man protested when he recovered that he had “no idea as to who could have fired the shot.” One bullet had been enough for him, and he had no wish to expose himself to a second! The prosecution therefore had to be abandoned.

In the first excitement after a crime has been committed, many will come forward to testify, “They heard the quarrel, they saw the blow.” But when the day of trial arrives, they have had time to *reflect*! It is too dangerous; they must have been mistaken — they can remember nothing!” A case occurred only last November. A crime had been committed, and the principal witness refused to speak. The judge

made a solemn appeal to him: "We know that you were present, and, however painful it may be, it is your bounden duty to tell us what took place." The young fellow stood silent for a moment; then lifting his head, he said: "Well, if it is my duty, I will do it. But"—touching himself significantly on the breast—"I know that I would not give two coppers for my skin!" (*Je ne donnerais pas deux sous pour ma peau.*) The bandit got off with a few months' imprisonment, and in less than a year the faithful witness was dead.

For the same reason that the witnesses will not speak, the juries will not convict. "Nay, even the judges," said M. Cadella Baye significantly, "*fatigue* themselves in order to find out extenuating circumstances." (*Se fatiguent pour trouver des circonstances exténuantes.*) A notorious example of this took place only the other day. Two families had quarrelled, and a formal defiance had been exchanged. Prosper Merimée, in his vivid Corsican novel, "*Colomba*," calls the vendetta the "*duel*" of the poor. "Guard thyself,"—"I am on guard!" Such are the sacramental words exchanged by two enemies before they are at liberty to lie in wait for each other's life. On this occasion one of the adversaries was by no means an expert with his carbine, but from the moment the enmity was declared, he might be seen day after day practising at a mark set up against an oak-tree that stood near the public road. At the end of three weeks, when he had, in his own estimation, acquired sufficient skill in the art of murder, he lay in wait for his enemy, and shot him as he passed beneath the very oak which had done such good service to the assassin during his preliminary course of study. Nothing could have been more cold-blooded and deliberate than this act; yet the court chose to consider that the original provocation was a sufficiently extenuating circumstance, and the murderer got off with a penalty of only four or five years.

"My father was a judge at Ajaccio,"

said President Levis, "the greater part of his life, and during all those years he had only occasion four times to pass a sentence of death."

"And in how many cases was it *deserved*?" demanded Chief Justice Cadella Baye.

"Oh!" returned the president, with a careless laugh, "*par vingtaines!*" (You might count them by twenties!)

To show how strongly the sympathies of the people are with the assassin, the following case may be cited. A short while ago a murder was committed in the course of a drunken brawl; and it was rumored that the authorities had got wind of the affair. "Be off! Save thyself! The gendarmes are coming!" the excited bystanders cried. But the murderer was too tipsy to realize the situation and obstinately declined to move; so the company fell upon him and pushed him out, and as he still lingered, they actually beat him with their sticks to make him sheer off before the gendarmes could arrive.

According to Corsican notions, it would be a cowardly act to refuse shelter, bread, or powder to a bandit. For, after all, what is the bandit in his eyes? Simply a man who has been *wronged*, and who, having failed to obtain justice, has taken the matter into his own hands. With his profound mistrust in the administration of the law, every Corsican feels that one day, sooner or later, he may find himself in the same position.

"Among the peasant class," I said, "that is perhaps intelligible; but how is it that an educated man, holding a high position, like M. Arena, should condescend to receive and dine with an assassin like this Bellacoscia?"

"Ah! There comes in the question of politics, and the spirit of 'clan' which plays so serious a part in all our public institutions."

These bandits are, in fact, the most powerful political agents. The elections for the Council General are at this moment going on, and Arena's brother is a candidate for the commune of Bocagnano peopled almost entirely by Bellacoscia's numerous relations.

As chief of the clan, he can dispose of nearly every vote in Bocagnano, and the seat is practically his, to give to whom he pleases. On this occasion he has been good enough to nominate Arena's brother, and having seen him safely elected, he naturally comes now to Arena to solicit a free pardon for himself in return.

This is by no means a solitary instance of a bandit interfering with the elections. There is a certain ex-mayor at Ajaccio, dismissed for fraudulent transactions, who is nevertheless a power much to be deferred to. He can not only dispose of one hundred votes, but *he has also two bandits* in his family, a brother-in-law and a son.

The Corsican loves not work, neither is he greedy for gold; but he is ambitious, an eager politician, keenly desirous of place and power, of anything, in short, that may set him above his fellow-men. The word "politician," however, must be understood in a local sense. The questions that agitate the Continent have small concern for him; his politics begin and end with the triumph or aggrandizement of his clan. The chief of a clan has no sinecure! He is expected on all occasions to exert himself for the interests of his clients. If an adherent wishes for a post, it is the duty of the chief to obtain it for him; if he has incurred some fine or penalty, the chief must use his influence to get it remitted. His clients in return (as to public matters) will obey his lead implicitly. He may be a Republican to-day, he may turn Monarchist to-morrow, but it will make no difference in their allegiance, nor will he lose a single follower thereby; it is an understood thing that what he has done, he has done for the good of the clan, and as in former times they would have followed him to the field of battle, so they will follow him to the ballot-box to-day.

The spirit of clan first took its rise during centuries of abominable misgovernment. Under the infamous rule of the Genoese, justice was not administered, it was sold. For an isolated individual, there was no security

either for life or property; he had no chance in the battle of life save by allying himself to some powerful family that could make his interests respected. The more numerous the clan, the more its influence would be felt; therefore the Corsican glories in the number of his cousins, as he would in the strength of his right arm.

Nor has a century of French rule done much to improve the situation. If justice is no longer sold, it is at least affected in every department by this all-pervading spirit. The mayors, magistrates, assessors — nay, even the native judges themselves — are so imbued with it, that it has engendered in them a sort of "false conscience," and the ordinary rules of right and wrong are merged in the one paramount duty of upholding the interests of the clan. This was shown during the construction of the railway by the curiously varying valuations of the land through which it was to pass. The clan of Casabianca was then in power. The jury were selected by a Council General presided over by a Casabianca. The father of this Casabianca was their foreman, and they were assisted in their deliberations by a third Casabianca, who had been appointed solicitor to the company. Needless to say that the verdict of such a jury was given in accordance with the "conscience of the clan," that degenerate conscience which pronounces everything legitimate that can tend to the profit of one's friends. Thus a certain piece of land was valued at two thousand francs; it belonged to an enemy, and the price was reasonable enough; but the adjoining plot of land belonged to a friend, and though it was all but similar in quality as in extent the jury adjudged the proprietress no less than thirteen thousand francs!

The spirit of clanship permeates the Corsican's daily life. In every village there are two clans, the good and the bad, mutually detesting each other, always on the watch to take each other at a disadvantage. The good clan is the one in power, or, in other words, that which is most numerous; but in

most cases the numbers are so nearly balanced that three or four deaths on one side, or the return of half-a-dozen absentees on the other, might be sufficient to turn the scale. Then at the next ensuing election the position would be reversed, and the bad clan would become the good.

These elections are a constant source of excitement. There are the elections for the Council General (or local Parliament) sitting at Ajaccio, and there is the election for the four deputies representative of Corsica at Paris, and there are also the municipal elections. Moreover, the electoral lists are revised every year in the month of January, and at these times great is the agitation in every village, and endless are the tricks resorted to by the rival candidates for place and power.

For instance, the mayor will *forget*, for two or three years, to register the birth of his enemy's son. Then when that son, arrived at manhood, presents himself to be inscribed on the electoral lists, there will be a dispute as to his age, which, by a little ingenuity, may be prolonged till all chance of exercising his privilege for that year will be over. On the other hand, if the election is a close one, it is easy, by a slight alteration of the register, to antedate the birth of any well-grown youth belonging to the friendly clan, so as to give him the privilege of citizenship before his time.

It is a grand thing to be a member of the Council General; an excellent thing for a clan to have a *juge de paix* among its members. But the post of all others to be desired is that of mayor. Each mayor is a sort of little king in his own domain, and the possession of "the seal" enables him to give an official sanction to all kinds of irregularities. Thus, if it be inconvenient to a friend to pay his taxes, the mayor will provide him with a certificate of indigence. It would be useless for one of the opposite clan to appeal for a similar indulgence. However poor, it would most certainly be decided that he was very well able to "pay up."

A certain man had got into money difficulties, and applied for help to the Committee for Charitable Assistance at Ajaccio. He produced official papers testifying that he was left with a daughter "newly born." His only daughter happened to be just thirty-five years of age; but then he was a friend of the mayor's! Occasionally these frauds are found out, as in the case of a certain youth who desired altogether to escape the prescribed term of military service, and was promptly furnished with a false certificate to the effect that he was "the eldest son of a widow." The gendarmerie had their suspicions—possibly they may have been put up to it by one of the rival clan. Anyhow, they took occasion to call, and found the "orphan" sitting at dinner with his father and mother and a brother several years older than himself. This was unfortunate, of course, but matters are not usually looked into so closely; the Corsican naturally loves intrigue, and has always a fair chance of success.

It may be easily imagined what an excitement all this plotting and counter-plotting adds to the village life, and what a daily interest it is for the village politicians of either side to meet and discuss their affairs. There is always something new to talk over, some new grievance over which to grumble, or triumph wherein to rejoice; some fresh humiliation to be inflicted on the enemy, or some intrigue to be set afoot whereby to gain a vote, or lure over a discontented adherent from the other side.

During a ten days' driving tour we passed through many Corsican villages, and often had occasion to notice this sort of out-door meetings; the first group, perhaps, beneath the spreading chestnuts at the entering in of the village street; the second where the road widened in front of the *mairie* or the church. Lounging on the wall, enjoying the fresh air and sunshine, no doubt, but neither asleep nor dozing, like the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*; making way for the carriage but generally with the air of having been interrupted in

some important and interesting conversation.

The men of either party will live in the same village for years, and never speak; nor will they take any notice of each other, save to exchange a mutual scowl as they pass. Sometimes even the hostile factions will not walk on the same side of the street. In "Colomba," Prosper Merimée relates how one clan appropriated the north and east sides of the public square, while their opponents never crossed it except by the west and south; and he describes the commotion aroused in every breast when the hero returns after some years absence, and, totally oblivious of the local etiquette, is seen unconsciously walking upon his enemy's side of the way. Heads are thrust out of every window, the gossips run together, "What can this portent mean? Is there to be a shameful reconciliation after all these years? Or rather, oh, glorious thought! is it not a studied insult? . . . a challenge thrown out the very day, nay, almost the very hour of our chief's return, showing that our ancient wrongs are not forgotten, but that the vendetta is to be pursued as keenly as it was in his father's time?" Such a trifle as this may lead to a whole series of assassinations. Where the minds of men are kept in a constant state of irritation, it needs but a spark to kindle the ever-smouldering embers of hatred into flame. A dog shot in a vineyard was the cause of an outbreak between the rival families of Tafani and Rochini, which caused the death of no less than eleven victims; but behind the petty incident cited, in the act of accusation, as the "motive" of the crime, there was the concentrated essence of years of accumulated rage. Bourde says that in some of the villages in Corsica he had seen men who, by the incessant persecution of their enemies, were wrought up to such a state of excitement that they were positively fearful to look upon. He adds that he has read several recent works "On the Criminality of Corsica," but that they have all the same fault. They none of

them set forth clearly *why* it is that there are so many crimes.

The reason is threefold:—

First, the mal-administration of justice.

Second, the spirit of clanship, which it engendered, and which now fosters that injustice in its turn.

Third, the laxity in enforcing the licensing laws with regard to the carriage of arms.

In many parts of the island every fourth man we saw carried a gun. The pig-driver followed his pigs with a carbine over his shoulder; the peasant, eating his dinner by the roadside, carved his bread and cheese with a knife that was practically a dagger. Our trusty driver, apparently the most peaceable of men, caught sight of a wood-pigeon when we were passing through the forest of Aitone; he turned to snatch up his greatcoat, and pulled from the pocket thereof a pistol ready loaded. Given, an excitable people, a quarrel always ready to break forth, and a weapon always at hand, and the result of the equation may be reckoned upon with tolerable certainty.

M. Cadella Baye was appointed to the chief justiceship in the autumn of 1891. He told us that on the very day of his first arrival in Corsica he heard a noise in the street, and put his head out of the window. Two men were having a violent altercation, and after the mutual abuse had gone on for a certain time, one of the two whipped out his knife and stabbed the other, "there, in the public street of Bastia, by daylight, under my very eyes." "And what happened?" "Oh, nothing! nobody took any notice; the wound was not fatal, but it might have been." "But how is it these things do not get into the newspapers?" "Well," replied a journalist of Ajaccio to whom the question was addressed, "partly from a sort of local patriotism; we do not desire to expose our wounds to the hostile criticism of strangers. Again, we not unfrequently receive a letter on these occasions couched somewhat in the following terms: 'Sir,

you have heard, no doubt, of the misfortune that has befallen our family. We hope that you will not add to our annoyance by publishing the details of the affair.' We understand, of course, what that means, and as we wish to lead a quiet life, we generally take the hint!"

A notable instance actually occurred during our stay in Corsica. The elections for the Council-General were going on all over the island. The canton of Soccia comprises several villages, amongst others Guagno, noted for its famous mineral springs, and also for the turbulence of its people. The elections took place in each village, and on the morrow the presidents of the several bureaux were to meet at Soccia, for the formal declaration of the poll. In consequence of certain disorders that had already occurred, the mayor of Soccia issued an edict to the effect that none of the inhabitants of Guagno were to enter the village that day. The inhabitants of Guagno chose to ignore this order, and sixty of them, all armed, and all angry that their candidate had been defeated, marched upon Soccia, headed by their mayor. Two gendarmes (not armed) had been placed at the entrance of the village, and warned the advancing troop that they were to come no farther. The mayor of Guagno cried, "Fire!" There was a general volley from his followers, and the two gendarmes fell dead. "They both bore excellent characters; one of them had been twenty-four years in the service, had been proposed for the military medal, and leaves a wife and three children."

Such was the first account in the daily paper of Bastia. It occupied about seven inches of one column. The next day the editor had had time to reflect (or he, too, may possibly have had a significant warning), for in an article three inches long, the account was somewhat qualified, and there was this important emendation: "It seems we were not correct in stating that it was the mayor of Guagno who gave the order to fire upon the gendarmes." The third day there were just two

lines: "In consequence of the unfortunate affair at Soccia, it is probable that the mayor of Guagno will send in his resignation." That was all! I took in the newspaper regularly for a week, for I was curious to see how the affair would end; but there was nothing more; apparently no inquiry, no prosecution of the offenders.

Those amongst them who felt most guilty would probably at once take to the *macchi* and thus help to swell the already too numerous ranks of the banditti; indeed, the profession is held in such high esteem, that many a man will join those ranks for a cause far short of murder. An instance occurred the other day. A prisoner, handcuffed, was being taken by rail to Ajaccio. In passing through one of the tunnels, he managed to escape out of the window unseen by the gendarmes who accompanied him. He had committed some trifling offence, for which he would get but a month's imprisonment at most, but he preferred to take to the *macchi* rather than submit to even this trifling penalty.

Nor must it be supposed that the bandit's life is altogether one of hardship. He must be always on the alert, it is true, and at times, when the pursuit is hot, he must rough it in forest and cave, but for the most part he will be in shelter, an honored guest beneath the roof of some friend or relative who will not only give him warning at the approach of danger, but will often volunteer to accompany him; and so strong is the spirit of clan, that these "protectors" will actually lay down their lives for his sake. In 1887, a bandit thus escorted was attacked by gendarmes. The bandit escaped, but in the fierce conflict which ensued, his four "protectors" were slain.

Nor is he cut off from the interests of life, or the society of his fellow-men, for his services are in constant requisition. "He has a bandit in his service" is, in fact, a familiar Corsican expression. In other words, you feed, pay, and protect the bandit, and he puts his gun at your disposal. You have a bad debt, he will collect it for you; his

arguments are irresistible! You are pursued by a creditor, the bandit will make him give you time. If your land is devastated by shepherds, the bandit will drive them away; if you are a shepherd, and a proprietor disputes your right of pasturage, the bandit will make him hear reason. In short, the bandit is a sort of *deus ex machina* standing in the place of the law, which is powerless, and of that justice which is no justice at all.

His love of power and intrigue will sometimes lead him to interfere even with the domestic concerns of his neighbors. M. Levis relates this curious story, which came under his official notice. A famous bandit called Vuzzoni, took a great fancy to a young gentleman of good family, but poor. "What you want, my friend," said the bandit to him one day, "is a rich wife. Now I have a young lady in my eye, an heiress, only sixteen. *You shall marry her.*" The young gentleman was surprised, but not altogether unwilling. "How know you the lady would consent?" he asked, "and would her father agree to such a proposal?" "Why not?" said Vuzzoni coolly; "you have rank, she has wealth — what could be more suitable? Only leave it to me." A few days later, he came back, saying, "Well, I have arranged a shooting-party, where you can make the young lady's acquaintance. Put on your best clothes, and make yourself smart, so as to appear to advantage in her eyes." The party came off, the introduction was effected, and the marriage proposal was broached.

Neither the lady nor her father offered any objection; indeed, it might have been scarcely safe so to do; but the father mildly observed that he thought the young people ought to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted before the matter was finally settled, and as this seemed reasonable enough, a second meeting was arranged. Then the father, driven to desperation, and having no other means of evading the unwelcome proposal, went and gave secret information to the police as to the place and hour of

the rendezvous. The notice was so short there was no time to send for reinforcements; there were only six men available, and it was known that the bandit's party consisted of eight or ten.

Fortune, however, favored the right. Vuzzoni and his men were at dinner in the house of some peasant protector, and his dogs, usually so keen to scent a gendarme, had apparently been dining too, for they failed to give the alarm till the house was practically surrounded. Vuzzoni started up, crying, "We are trapped!" Firearms were snatched up, and the battle began; those without trying to break in, and those within shooting through the windows at their assailants, who were partly sheltered by a projecting balcony which covered their operations.

"We must end this," cried one of the gendarmes to his comrade; "he shall not escape us this time! Do thou stand here, I will attempt to scale the balcony, and while Vuzzoni is occupied with me, do thou take good aim, and let thy bullet be mortal!" The attempt was made, and the brave fellow received the bandit's charge in his breast, but at the same moment his comrade fired, and Vuzzoni fell back dead. The rest of the party surrendered when they saw their leader fall. But when the captors entered the house they found there also the intended bridegroom, who looked exceedingly foolish in the smart attire he had put on to captivate the lady.

When interrogated before the magistrate as to what he was doing there, he murmured something about "a shooting-party." "A shooting-party?" said the magistrate. "What! *in these magnificent clothes!*" But the gentleman was too much ashamed of himself to give any other explanation, so he was sent to prison with the rest, and it was only some months later that the truth of the matter leaked out.

Two other good stories told by President Levis I am tempted to give before concluding this article. Two brothers, Cucchi by name, villains of the deepest dye, found the neighborhood of Ajaccio

too hot to hold them, and resolved to take refuge in Sartene. They found a small boat upon the beach, and desired the owner to put out to sea. "Impossible," said the man, "the boat is too small for such a voyage, and would certainly founder." "Do as you are bid," said the Cucchi, covering him with their guns. Under these circumstances the boatman had no alternative; so he got in, and they pushed out to sea. But the waves were high, and by a little dexterous management, he contrived to make his boat rock in such a fashion that the bandits became violently sick. "You see I was right," he coolly remarked, when his passengers seemed sufficiently reduced, "you will certainly be drowned if we go on thus. You had much better let me put you ashore, and go back for a stronger and better boat." "So be it!" gasped the bandits. "Oh, anything is better than *this*!" They were put on shore, and in due time the boatman returned with a larger boat, but at the bottom of it lay four gendarmes disguised as sailors, and the brothers Cucchi were taken before they had time to discover the trick.

The second story was of a notorious bandit of the name of Bastanasi. He was a man of considerable erudition, had been educated at Pisa, knew Latin, and had belonged to the medical profession. On one occasion he also was going to Sartene on a vessel which stopped at Ajaccio. Knowing that the gendarmes were after him, he did not attempt to land, but as he had a fine voice and could also play the guitar, to beguile the time of waiting he got out his instrument and began to sing and play.

A fisherman in the port recognized the voice, and likewise remembered the song. He went and informed the authorities; and it was thus through his love of music that Bastanasi was arrested. "I saw him land," said M. Levis. "The handcuffs were on his wrists, and the guitar was slung round his neck."

During the Third Empire, a great effort was made by the French govern-

ment to put down banditism in Corsica. Large sums of secret service money were spent in rewards for the betrayal or capture of bandits, the laws against carrying arms without license were strictly enforced, and at the elections — a time always fruitful of bloodshed — it was intimated so clearly to the authorities which candidate was to be chosen, that there was very little scope left for the rivalry of the clans to display itself. Towards the end of the reign of Napoleon III., Bourde says there were but twenty bandits left in Corsica. There are now, under the rule of the Republic, nearly six hundred.

The traveller, indeed, need have little fear; the Corsican is not mercenary, and he prides himself on his hospitality. Many a little service we received, and, at first, endeavored to pay for, but the unwilling hand and look of displeasure made it so plain that to offer money in Corsica was not considered "good form," that we soon gave up the practice, while a few extra words of gratitude would cause the face of the recipient to light up with pleasure and an agreeable sense of patronage. The bandit partakes in the characteristics of his race, and is therefore, as a rule, not dangerous save to those with whom he is at war; but though the stranger may practically wander with impunity throughout the length and breadth of the land, the natives enjoy no such security. The vendetta lives on from father to son, and there is hardly a Corsican, however peaceably disposed, who is not conscious of having at least half-a-dozen enemies, hereditary if not personal, of whose malice he lives in constant fear, and to whose vengeance he may any day fall a victim. The law cannot protect him, for the assassin is almost certain of impunity; he has but to become a bandit, and is thenceforward sheltered and supported by the whole of his clan.

And though the bandit of Corsica has not, at present, the mercenary taint which is so inconveniently characteristic of the brigand of other lands,

it cannot be but that so large a body of men, carrying arms, ruling the elections, terrorizing the natives, and living in utter defiance of the law, must sooner or later prove a very serious danger to the State.

CAROLINE HOLLAND.

From Chambers' Journal.
OYSTER-CULTURE IN FRANCE.

ARCACHON, in the department of the Gironde, is a favorite summer watering-place for the Bordelais, and a winter health resort for the whole of France. But apart altogether from its reputation as a health resort, it is famous for the supply of oysters which it yields to France and to the world. The oyster industry of France is the largest of its kind in Europe, and at Arcachon it is carried on in the most scientific and systematic manner. It was about the middle of the present century that the work of oyster-rearing was commenced here, a work which to-day gives employment to thousands of people, men and women, in the villages which surround the Bassin. The Bassin of Arcachon, with a circumference of about sixty miles, from its physical formation is peculiarly favorable to the rearing of the oyster, being a bay completely protected from the storms of the ocean by a natural breakwater of sandhills, some of the highest dunes in the world. Were the entrance from the Bay of Biscay a deep and navigable channel instead of being, as it is, dotted with shifting sandbanks, the Bassin would form a perfect natural harbor. At low water it will be found to be covered to a large extent by sandbanks, separated by numerous and deep channels; and it is on these sandbanks, called *crassats*, that the oyster parks are formed in a manner we shall endeavor to describe.

The site of a park having been determined upon, it is divided into rectangular portions which measure forty yards by thirty, and which are called *claires*. These are separated from each other by dykes of clay a foot in height

by two feet broad, strengthened by planks resting on piquets firmly fixed in the sand. Around a group of *claires* runs what is called a *blindage*, a netting of galvanized iron wire, as a protection to the oyster against its numerous enemies, among which the crab is chief; but whelks, starfishes, and boring sponges are dangerous. Many oyster-rearers from reasons of economy form a blindage of the branches of a tall and strong heather which grows abundantly in the neighboring forest. In addition to the protection from the attacks of ravenous fishes afforded by these two systems, they also serve to retain the oysters within their limits, and prevent their being carried by seaweed or other cause from one man's park to that of his neighbor. Another plan often adopted to ensure further protection to the precious mollusc consists in the formation around the *claires* of a line of *pignons* or young pine-trees, stripped of their branches with the exception of a plume at the top. The *pignons* are three yards in height, and at high-water, with their waving plumes, act as a sort of scarecrow, or under the circumstances, as a sort of scarecrab.

The formation of the *claires* being completed, near them are deposited several wooden frames, like cages, to hold layers of tiles of a length of eighteen inches, the frames themselves measuring two yards long by two feet broad and one yard in height. The tiles have convex and concave sides, and are at first whitened in a bath of chalk and water mixed with a little fine sand; and after being well dried in the sun, they are laid in the frames, each of which holds eight or ten rows. Here they become covered by young oysters to the number of two or three hundred per tile. This takes place during the months of May and June, for it is in May that the spawn appear in the oyster as a liquid substance of milky appearance, and render it uneatable until the month of September. This fact gives rise to the saying, that oysters should be eaten only in those months whose names contain the letter *r*.

The tiles are left thus to be washed

by the tides until October, when they are removed for the delicate process of *detroquage*, a process consisting in removing each oyster from the tile in such a manner as to leave a thin and small fragment of chalk adhering to each shell. It is performed by young women, who use a knife specially manufactured for the purpose, and requires the greatest care in execution, in order that the young and fragile oyster may not be destroyed. Those surviving this operation are next passed through two riddles, the meshes of which vary in diameter, and being thus assorted according to size, are placed in cases called *ambulances*, frames of wood two yards by one, covered with a netting of tarred wire, to permit the free circulation of the water. These ambulances are firmly fixed in the sand at the park by means of well-driven piquets, and are the invention of a local culturist. In the ambulance, an oyster will rapidly increase in size, and attain in a few months a diameter of one or two inches. At low-water the ambulances with their contents receive a good watering at the hands of the *parqueurs*, and this in addition to the covering by the tides twice daily in the natural course. After a sojourn in the ambulance for some months, until sufficiently strong for the purpose, the oysters are scattered abroad like seed in the open *claire*, where they assume a flat form, and lie for several months until the harvest.

In order to watch the progress of much of the work before described, it is by no means necessary to cross the channel to the oyster parks lying in the centre of the Bassin. The *plage* or beach at Arcachon, La Teste, and the numerous villages on the bay, is at all times dotted with the *parqueurs*, busy in the various departments of their profession. Here is a group of men and women sorting the edible oysters just brought ashore into various sizes and prices; there, another group at work, cleaning and scraping or whitening the tiles, or detaching therefrom the young shellfish, each operation in its own season. There is no mistaking

"Madame la Parqueuse," dressed as she is in her red flannel knickerbockers and long boots, sometimes with legs bare, and feet in large wooden sandals for more convenient walking on the sand. The men are, as a rule, dressed in suits of blue cotton, with scarlet sash, and head covered with the popular blue *béret*. The *plage*, too, is covered with the various implements of the fishery. Piles of tiles are everywhere to be seen; ambulances, broken and waiting repair; groups of miscellaneous articles, as baskets, rakes, spades, wheelbarrows, and wire; bundles of pignons and stacks of heather, ready for transportation to the park itself.

But it is necessary to take a boat and engage a man as guide, in order to see many of the most interesting scenes connected with the industry, among them being the gathering of the edible oyster, which is judged eatable by its size, nothing under an inch and a half in diameter being allowed to be sold. This harvest takes place every day except during that period from May to September when the fish are uneatable for the reasons already mentioned. A practice fatal to oyster-culture, and one which almost always results in the destruction of beds by over-fishing, and the removal of the breeding oyster—namely, the use of the dredge in fishing—is here unknown; and that its use at Arcachon is unnecessary is one chief cause of the success with which the culture is carried on, and the dimensions to which the industry has grown. Low tide is of course the time for fishing, for then the sea recedes from the *claires*, leaving only sufficient water to cover the oysters. The method of procedure is for a number of men and women to form a line at one end of a *claire*, and work slowly to the other, each carrying a rake, which reveals the sand-covered oyster, and a wire basket to hold the proceeds of the fishery. On the completion of one *claire*, another is commenced. At the end of a day's work, when the incoming tide will permit its continuance no longer, the results are carried ashore, and either deposited in the floating warehouses

anchored near the beach, or transported by steamboat or railway to their ultimate destination. A large quantity of the finest oysters are transferred to beds in other places, to be fattened, as this process cannot be brought to perfection in the locality.

A strict watch is kept by day and night over the parks, so that no amateur may try his hand at oyster-gathering. For this purpose are the numbers of houseboats which are to be seen dotting the bay, their white roofs shining in the sun. These contain bed and board for the guardians of the parks. On the Ile des Oiseaux, in the centre of the Bassin, are cabins for the same purpose.

Though hardly the place for a successful pearl-fishery, pearls have been found in Arcachon on rare occasions. The local museum contains as a curiosity three found together in one shell some years ago. The only other occasion we know of was quite lately, when the writer himself was the lucky finder.

Great as is the number of oysters exported from Arcachon annually, it is estimated at not more than two per cent. of those born; and this is comparatively a very large proportion, due to the elaborate manner in which the industry is carried on. It has been estimated that for every oyster brought ashore from the natural beds of Germany, more than one million die. The number to which a mother-oyster gives birth is so large as to be almost incredible, and of these only a very small proportion find their way to the chalk-covered tiles placed for their reception. Many of course are destroyed in the numerous processes through which they pass during the three or four years necessary for such perfection as is attainable in the locality.

Altogether, it is an interesting industry, and one in which the picturesque abounds. A pretty sight, the return of the boats on a full tide, after a day's work, when the many sails, white and terra-cotta, dot the clear blue water under a clear blue sky, with a grey line on the horizon, the distant, pine-covered sandhills.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE FUEL OF THE SUN.

THE dazzling brilliancy of the sun far exceeds all artificial sources of illumination. It has been shown experimentally that, compared with a standard candle placed at a distance of one metre from the eye, the sun's light is equal in quantity to fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions of such candles! (Fifteen hundred and seventy-five followed by twenty-four ciphers). The *intensity* of the solar light—or the amount of light per square inch of surface—is found to be ninety thousand times greater than that of a candle, and one hundred and fifty times as bright as the lime light! The blackest portion of a sun-spot exceeds the lime light in intensity; and even the electric arc, when placed between the eye and the sun's disc, appears as a black spot!¹

The question has often been asked, What is the fuel of the sun? What is the origin of the vast amount of heat and light which is constantly being radiated by our central luminary into surrounding space? The question is a difficult one to answer, if looked at in the light of actual combustion. The amount of fuel necessary to produce the observed results is so enormous that it seems almost impossible to imagine where the fuel could come from.

Sir William Thomson has calculated that the quantity of fuel required for each square yard of the solar surface would be no less than thirteen thousand five hundred pounds of coal per hour!—equivalent to the work of a steam engine of sixty-three thousand horsepower! This enormous expenditure of fuel would be sufficient to melt a thickness of about forty feet of ice per minute at the sun's surface. Sir John Herschel says, "Supposing a cylinder of ice forty-five miles in diameter to be continually darted into the sun *with the velocity of light*, and that the water produced by its fusion were continually carried off, the heat now given off constantly by radiation would then be

¹ Young's General Astronomy, pp. 212-214.

wholly expended in its liquefaction, on the one hand, so as to leave no radiant surplus ; while, on the other, the actual temperature at its surface would undergo no diminution." He also says that the ordinary expenditure of heat by the sun per minute would suffice to melt a cylinder of ice one hundred and eighty-four feet in diameter, and in length extending from that luminary to *α Centauri* !

As to the actual temperature at the sun's surface, very various estimates have been made by different computers. Secchi supposed it to be about ten million degrees of the Centigrade thermometer ! and Spörer thirty - seven thousand degrees of the same scale ; while M. Pouillet thinks that it lies between 1,461 and 1,761 degrees Centigrade. M. Becquerel, Professor Langley, and Sir William Thomson consider that the temperature of the solar photosphere cannot exceed three thousand degrees Centigrade. According to M. Saint-Claire Deville, the temperature is somewhere about twenty-five hundred to twenty-eight hundred degrees, and this agrees with subsequent experiments by Bunsen and Debray. Sir Robert Ball says that " we shall probably be well within the truth if we state the effective temperature of the sun to be about eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit " (The Story of the Heavens, p. 495). Secchi's estimate is probably very excessive, and the smaller determinations nearer the truth. The actual heat of the sun must, however, be very great. Professor Young says : " When heat is concentrated by a burning-glass, the temperature at the focus cannot rise above that of the source of heat, the effect of the lens being simply to move the object at the focus virtually towards the sun ; so that, if we neglect the loss of heat by transmission through the glass, the temperature at the focus should be the same as that of a point placed at such a distance from the sun that the solar disc would seem just as large as the lens itself, viewed from its own focus. The most powerful lens yet constructed thus virtually transports an object at its focus to within

about two hundred and fifty thousand miles of the sun's surface, and in this focus the most refractory substances — platinum, fire-clay, the diamond itself — are either instantly melted or dissipated in vapor. There can be no doubt that if the sun were to come as near to us as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax." Messrs. Trowbridge and Hutchins consider that in the solar atmosphere, where carbon is volatilized, the temperature is about equal to that of the voltaic arc.

It may be shown that were the sun's mass composed of coal it would all be consumed in about six thousand years. It has been suggested that the solar heat may possibly be maintained by the fall of meteors on its surface. A pound of coal falling on the sun's surface from an infinite distance would develop by concussion six thousand times the heat that would be produced by its combustion. But the enormous quantity of meteors required for the purpose — about thirty-eight hundred pounds per square foot per annum — renders this theory very improbable. If the earth were to fall into the sun it would maintain its heat for a period of less than one hundred years. Jupiter falling into the sun would supply its present expenditure for thirty-two thousand years to come ; but, in view of the millions of years indicated by geological records, even this period must be considered as comparatively short. Another objection to this theory is that the quantity of matter required would, in the course of ages, add appreciably to the sun's mass, which would derange the motions of the planetary system. The meteoric theory of the sun's heat must, therefore, be abandoned.

The theory now generally accepted by astronomers is that advanced by the eminent German physicist Helmholtz, which ascribes the heat of the sun to the shrinkage of its mass caused by gravitation. It may be shown mathematically that this shrinkage would undoubtedly produce the observed result, and, as gravitation *must* inevitably act on the component particles of the

sun's mass, it seems quite unnecessary to look further for a satisfactory theory. The amount of shrinkage required to account for the present solar radiation is so small that the diminution of the sun's apparent diameter could not be detected by the most refined instruments of measurement. Sir William Thomson has shown that this shrinkage would amount to only thirty-five metres on the radius per annum, or one ten-thousandth of its length in two thousand years — a quantity quite inappreciable.

According to Helmholtz's theory, the sun's heat was originally generated by the collision of two masses, as in Dr. Croll's theory, but differing from that theory in the supposition that the bodies approached each other under the effects of gravitation alone, and not with any initial velocity. In some books it is "paradoxically stated" that the sun is actually becoming hotter owing to condensation; but this is quite incorrect. As Sir William Thomson points out, "cooling and condensation go on together." In fact, as the sun has been gradually losing heat for ages past, the amount of heat lost by radiation must be in excess of that gained by shrinkage; and, as this process is probably still in progress, the sun must be actually cooling down. Of course this cooling process is excessively slow — so slow, indeed, that one estimate makes the maximum loss not more than one degree Centigrade in seven years.

According to Sir William Thomson, if the sun's heat could be maintained by shrinkage until twenty million times the present annual expenditure is radiated away, the sun's diameter would be reduced to one-half what it is at present, and its density would be increased to about the specific gravity of lead. This would probably put a stop to all further shrinkage, "through overcrowding of the molecules."

Supposing the sun to have been radiating out heat for the past fifteen million years, the solar radius "must have been four times as great as at present." Sir William Thomson is not disposed to

admit much more than twelve million years as the past duration of the sun's history, but, as I have shown in a former paper, this period — immense as it is — will not satisfy the demands of the geologists. To meet this difficulty Dr. Croll has advanced his "Impact Theory," which has been already considered in the paper referred to (*Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1891).

The ancient philosophers thought that the sun might possibly be inhabited! Even in modern times this hypothesis has been seriously considered. Dr. Elliott in 1787 upheld this view, and on his trial at the Old Bailey for the murder of Miss Boydell his friends maintained his sanity and quoted as proof of their assertion the pages of his book in which this opinion was expressed. A necessary detail of Helmholtz's theory is that the sun must be in a fluid state from its surface to its centre. Were this not so it would soon grow dark, "as the conducting power of no known solid would suffice to maintain the incandescence." The idea of a solid nucleus enclosed in a fiery envelope must, therefore, be abandoned and consigned to the limbo of all such uncritical theories.

Sir William Thomson thus describes the action which would probably take place during the formation of the sun according to the gravitation theory: "Think of two cool solid globes, each of the same mean density as the earth, and of half the sun's diameter, given at rest, or nearly at rest, at a distance asunder equal to twice the earth's distance from the sun, they will fall together and collide in exactly half a year. The collision would last about half an hour, in the course of which they will be transformed into a violently agitated incandescent fluid mass, flying outwards from the line of motion before the collision, and swelling to a bulk several times greater than the sum of the original bulks of the two globes. How far the fluid mass will fly out all round from the line of collision it is impossible to say. The motion is too complicated to be fully investigated by any known mathematical method. A

mathematician with sufficient patience might, however, approximate to the truth. After a series of oscillations it will subside, probably in the course of two or three years, into a globular star of about the same dimensions, heat, and brightness as our present sun, but different from him in this, that it would have no rotation.

"If, however, each had a transverse motion — in opposite directions — of 1.82 metres per second, the result would be a globe like our sun, rotating in twenty-five days. If the transverse velocity be anything more than 0.71 of a kilometre they would escape collision, and would revolve in equal ellipses round their centre of inertia in a period of one year, just grazing one another's surfaces every time they came round to the nearest points of their orbits. If the initial transverse velocity be less than, but not much less than, 0.71 of a kilometre per second, there will be a violent grazing collision, and two bright suns, solid globes bathed in flaming fluid, will come into existence in the course of a few hours, and will commence revolving round their common centre of inertia in long elliptic orbits in a period of little less than a year. Tidal interaction between them will diminish the eccentricity of their orbits, and, if continued long enough, will cause them to revolve in circular orbits round their centre of inertia, with a distance between their surfaces equal to 6.44 diameters of each."

The bearing of the latter portion of Sir William Thomson's remarks on the possible origin of binary stars will be obvious to the reader. The "violent grazing collisions" in a period of about a year seem also to suggest a possible explanation of the nature of some of the variable stars, of which the periods of several do not differ much from three hundred and sixty-five days. Indeed, this is the theory of variable stars advanced by Professor Lockyer in his "Meteoric Hypotheses;" but in this theory the revolving masses are supposed to be swarms of meteorites, and not solid bodies. The bright lines observed in some of the long period

variables when near a maximum of light indicate a great increase of heat, which may possibly be due either to the collisions of thousands of meteorites or to solid bodies rendered incandescent by a "violent grazing collision."

J. ELLARD GORE.

From Chambers' Journal.
NEGRO COFFEE.

NEGRO or wild coffee is the name that has been given to fedegozo seeds, on account of their being used in western tropical Africa and in some of the West India Islands by the natives as a substitute for coffee. In some of the French African colonies the seeds are also known as *café nègre* and *café marron*. Botanically, the plant producing the seed is known as *Cassia occidentalis*. It grows very freely in most tropical countries; in fact, it is a common weed, with a sickly, offensive smell, that many planters would fain be rid of. The seeds are roasted and ground, and the infusion, made in the same way as ordinary coffee amazingly resembles the finest Mocha. This fact is confirmed by Dr. Nicholls of Dominica, who, writing to the director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, a few years back, states: "I collected some seeds, and directed my cook to roast and grind them, so that I might taste the 'coffee.' Other matters engaging my attention, I forgot the circumstance until several days afterwards, when, one evening, my wife inquired how I liked my after-dinner cup of coffee. I turned to her inquiringly, when she laughingly said: 'That is your wild coffee.' I was indeed surprised, for the coffee was indistinguishable from that made of the best Arabian beans, and we in Dominica are celebrated for our good coffee. Afterwards, some of the seeds, roasted and ground, were brought to me, and the aroma was equal to that of the coffee ordinarily used in the island."

Dr. Livingstone took some of these seeds to the Mauritius Botanical Gar-

dens, and mentioned that the natives of tropical Africa roasted and used them like coffee.

It has not been definitely stated that the infusion has any stimulating effect, but it is only fair to suppose it has, otherwise the negroes would hardly employ it in lieu of coffee. Chemical analysis shows it to consist of fatty matters (olein and margarine), 4.9; tannic acid, 0.9; sugar, 2.1; gum, 28.8; starch, 2.0; cellulose, 34.0; water, 7.0; calcium sulphate, and phosphate, chrysophanic acid, 0.9; malic acid, sodium chloride, magnesium sulphate, iron, silica, together, 5.4; and achrosine, 13.58 parts in one hundred. Achrosine is soluble in water, and communicates to the latter a garnet color. It contains carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur; but its exact composition has not been determined. It is soluble also in alcohol and in acids and alkalies. The color cannot be fixed upon tissues by any known mordant, and it is this circumstance that induced Professor Clouet, who made the analysis, to term it achrosine, or "not coloring," although being colored itself.

If we might venture an hypothesis, we would suggest that further investigation into this coloring matter may prove that the color is the important feature from an alimentary point of view. This has recently been proved to be the case with kola. For many years scientists were puzzled as to the nature of the substance in the kola nut that produced the stimulating and nutritive effect. It was at first suggested that it was due to caffeine; but experiments proved that this was not the case. At length, after prolonged researches, Professor Heckel of Marseilles practically demonstrated that the "muscle-bracing" and other beneficial properties of the kola nut were entirely due to the presence of a coloring body

which he designated kola red (*rouge de kola*), and which a German scientist has since named *kolanin*.

Besides using fedegozo seeds as a substitute for coffee, the natives employ the whole plant as a remedial agent in various complaints and diseases. It is closely allied to ordinary senna — in fact, in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, it is called small senna — so readers will not be surprised to learn that the whole plant is purgative. This is mainly attributable to the mucilaginous and extractive matters in conjunction with the small percentage of chrysophanic acid that analysis proves to be present in the plant. Torrefaction destroys the purgative principle in the seeds and causes them to taste like coffee.

One of the most useful properties of the plant is its febrifuge action. It is generally administered by boiling an ounce of the seed in ten ounces of water; and when this quantity is reduced to nine ounces, it is given to the patient during the cold period of a rigor; a profuse perspiration follows, and the rigors do not recur. The seeds have repeatedly been employed in France and in some West India Islands for this purpose; and instead of the decoction being used as just described, sixty grammes of the seed have been macerated in a litre of Malaga wine.

The value of the plant is recognized in all parts of the world. Mohammedan writers recommend its use in cases of coughs, especially whooping-coughs; an infusion of the root is considered by the American Indians to be an antidote against various poisons; and in Brazil the same preparation is used as a tonic and diuretic in dropsy and liver complaints. This latter property has gained for the plant the same unconventional title that country children apply to our own dandelion.

